



Also A NEW MYSTERY featuring

POW-WOW SMITH
INDIAN LAWMAN



10

Detective COMICS

10c

JULY NO. 197

AJAX TOY CO.
BATMOBILES
and BATPLANES
Our Specialty

The
DYNAMIC DUO

DUELS A
SINISTER
CRIME
COMBINE

"The
**LEAGUE
AGAINST
BATMAN!"**



BUZZY "Get a Box-Seat to NATURE'S WONDERS!"

says:



HI, BUZZY. SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN DANNY, THE NEW KID WHO MOVED IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO?

YES-- HE'S OVER IN THE EMPTY LOT ON THE NEXT STREET. WHY DO YOU WANT HIM?



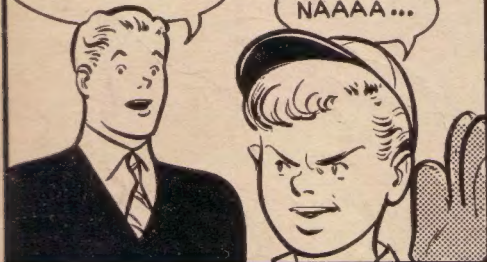
WE'RE GONNA ASK HIM TO JOIN OUR CLUB-- WE JUST VOTED ON HIM!

YEAH-- AND I THINK IT'S A MISTAKE! I STILL DON'T LIKE HIM. ALWAYS FOOLING AROUND WITH BIRDS AND NATURE AND STUFF LIKE THAT!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH STUDYING BIRDS AND NATURE, TOM? YOU CAN LEARN A LOT OF WONDERFUL THINGS THAT WAY, EVEN IN THE CITY, IF YOU TAKE THE TROUBLE TO LOOK.

NAAAA...



THERE'S DANNY NOW...

YEAH, LOOK AT HIM, SITTING THERE, WATCHING THAT SILLY OLD BIRD FLYING AROUND... SAY, WHAT'S THAT STUFF THE BIRD'S CARRYING IN ITS MOUTH?



SOME TWIGS AND A PIECE OF STRING--THAT'S HOW SHE BUILDS HER NEST, LITTLE BY LITTLE. SHE MIXES IT UP WITH MUD AND OTHER STUFF SHE FINDS AROUND...

NO KIDDING! GOLLY--I DIDN'T KNOW JUST **HOW** BIRDS BUILD THEIR NESTS!... WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT?



WELL, AFTER SHE'S FINISHED HER NEST, AND THE EGGS ARE LAID AND HATCHED, WE CAN SEE, IF WE COME AROUND, HOW THE MOTHER AND FATHER GET FOOD AND FEED THE LITTLE BIRDS.

SAY, THAT'S GONNA BE FUN-- LIKE A BOX SEAT TO A BASEBALL GAME! D'YA MIND IF I WATCH, TOO?



LOOKS LIKE THE BEGINNING OF A FRIENDSHIP, EH, FOLKS? THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET TO STUDY AND UNDERSTAND THE THINGS AROUND YOU. YOU GET TO **KNOW** THEM AND LIKE THEM BETTER-- HUMAN BEINGS AS WELL AS NATURE!



BATMAN

With **ROBIN**
THE BOY WONDER

THEN HE'S
GUILTY---
LIKE THE REST!
AND THEY ALL
SHALL PAY
THE
PENALTY!



ONE DAY, WITHOUT WARNING, A NEW TERROR CHILLS THE POPULACE OF GOTHAM CITY! MEN WHO BEFRIENDED BATMAN RUN FOR THEIR LIVES! MEN WHO PUBLICLY IDOLIZED BATMAN, MEN WHO GLORIFIED BATMAN-- THESE ARE THE MARKED MEN OF A STUNNED METROPOLIS! EVERYWHERE A STRANGE VENGEANCE IS EXACTED--- BY THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE WRECKER! AND EVERYWHERE, BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER ARE FORCED TO THE LIMITS OF THEIR COURAGE AND DARING--- AS THEY COME TO DEADLY GRIPS WITH---

The LEAGUE AGAINST BATMAN!

ONE DAY IN THE OFFICES AND
FACTORY OF THE
GOTHAM MECHANICAL TOY CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BATMAN NOVELTIES...

DON'T
ANYONE MOVE!
I'M TAKING OVER---
I--- THE WRECKER!

THE WRECKER?
A NEW CRIMINAL!
WHY SUCH A
GET-UP JUST TO
ROB A SAFE ???



THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF
THE FRIGHTENED EMPLOYEES...

YOU'VE GOT THE
MONEY? OKAY---
NOW FOR THE REAL
PURPOSE OF THIS
VISIT! SMASH EVERY-
THING, MEN---
EVERYTHING!
ESPECIALLY THOSE
BATMAN
TOYS!

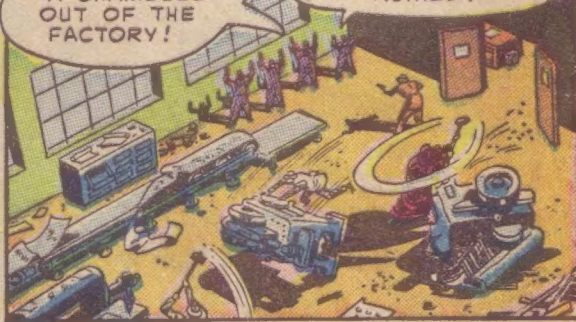
WHY--- HE'S
MAD!
MALICIOUS!
HE CAN'T GAIN
ANYTHING BY
RUINING THOSE
TOYS!



AND AS THE WILD FRENZY OF DESTRUCTION
CONTINUES, IN THE ADJOINING
FACTORY...

NO WONDER HE
CALLS HIMSELF
THE WRECKER!
HE'S MAKING
A SHAMBLES
OUT OF THE
FACTORY!

GOOD GRIEF!
ALL THAT
EXPENSIVE
MACHINERY! WE'RE
RUINED!

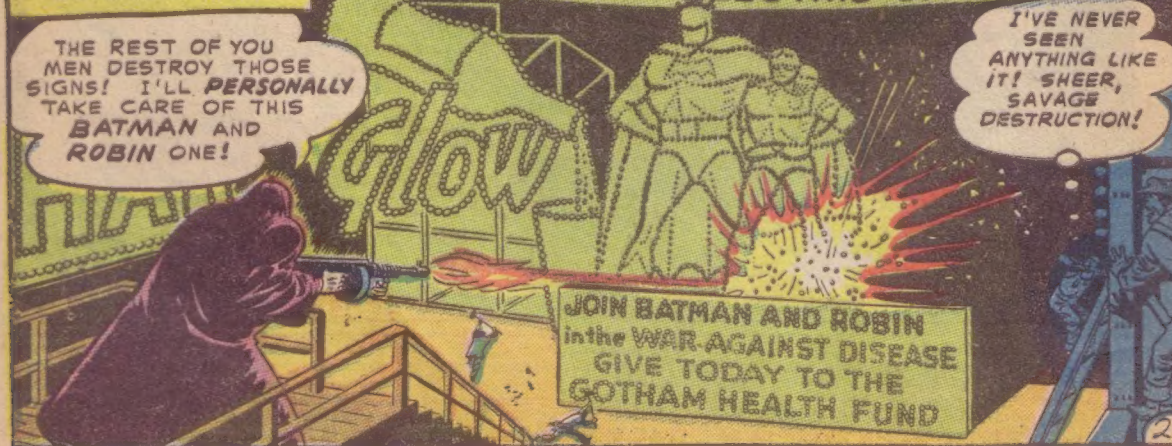


THEN, SCARCELY AN
HOUR LATER, ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF
GOTHAM CITY...

THE REST OF YOU
MEN DESTROY THOSE
SIGNS! I'LL PERSONALLY
TAKE CARE OF THIS
BATMAN AND
ROBIN ONE!

GEO. V. DEWEY CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE WORLD'S
LARGEST ELECTRIC SIGNS

I'VE NEVER
SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE
IT! SHEER,
SAVAGE
DESTRUCTION!

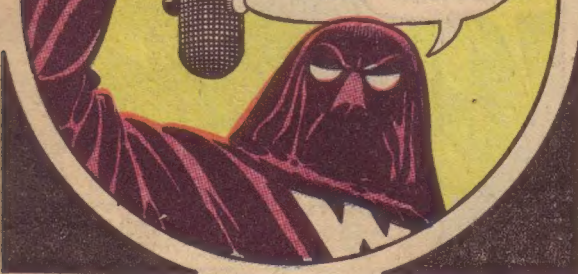


SHORTLY AFTER, AT TELEVISION STATION
WGCT...

WE INTERRUPT OUR
REGULARLY SCHEDULED
TELECAST TO BRING YOU
THIS IMPORTANT BULLETIN:
A NEW CRIMINAL,
WHO CALLS HIMSELF
THE WRECKER, IS
INSANELY WREAKING
HAVOC ALL OVER
GOTHAM CITY!



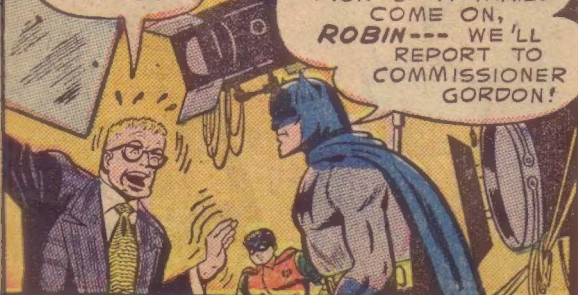
I HATE BATMAN!!
HE SENT MY THREE
BROTHERS TO THE
CHAIR! I'LL GET REVENGE!
BUT NOT ONLY ON **BATMAN!**
ON THOSE, TOO, WHO
GLORY IN HIS DEEDS!
I HATE EQUALLY ALL THOSE
WHO WOULD GLORIFY THE
BATMAN! AND I WILL
RUIN THEM!



A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARB--- AND **BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN** ARE READY FOR ACTION!
THEN, AS THEY RACE TO THE
TELEVISION STATION...

THE **WRECKER'S**
GONE, **BATMAN!**
HE LEFT SOME
FIVE
MINUTES
AGO!

HMMM! SAW NO
SIGNS OF HIM
OUTSIDE!
PROBABLY
TOO LATE TO
PICK UP A TRAIL!
COME ON,
ROBIN--- WE'LL
REPORT TO
COMMISSIONER
GORDON!



SUDDENLY...

WHY---
IT'S
THE
WRECKER
HIMSELF!

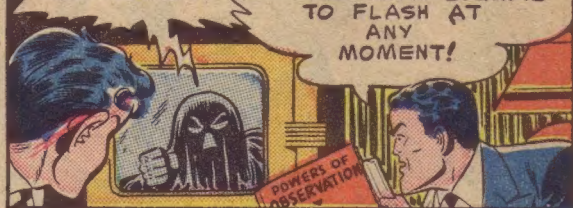
KEEP THOSE
CAMERAS TURNING!
I HAVE AN IMPORTANT
MESSAGE FOR
THE PEOPLE OF
GOTHAM CITY!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE HOME OF
MILLIONAIRE **BRUCE WAYNE** AND HIS WARD,
DICK GRAYSON...

THOSE WHO WOULD
SPREAD THE **BATMAN**
LEGEND ARE MY
ENEMIES! THOSE
WHO WOULD
POPULARIZE
BATMAN, I
MARK
FOR
DESTRUCTION!

OH-OH!
LOOKS LIKE
MY LECTURE
TO YOU ON
"THE IMPORTANCE
OF OBSERVATION"
WILL HAVE TO
WAIT! COME
ON, **DICK!** I EXPECT
THE **BAT-SIGNAL**
TO FLASH AT
ANY
MOMENT!



AND AT POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON'S
HEADQUARTERS...

A TOY COMPANY
SMASHED--- BECAUSE
IT MANUFACTURED
BATMAN TOYS!
A SIGN SHOP
WRECKED--- BECAUSE
IT MADE A
BATMAN AND ROBIN
SIGN! THIS IS
BAD, MEN! THE LIST
OF POSSIBLE
FUTURE VICTIMS
IS IMMENSE!

WE'VE GOT
OUR WORK
CUT OUT
FOR US, SIR---
AND WITH
YOUR
PERMISSION,
WE'LL GET
RIGHT
TO IT!



NEXT DAY, IN THE BAT-CAVE...

I'VE CHECKED ALL THE FILES. ONLY TWO MEN FIT THE **WRECKER'S** DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF--- THAT OF HAVING **THREE** BROTHERS WHO WERE ELECTROCUTED! THEIR NAMES ARE **SKIP DENTON** AND **CAL FLINT**...

YES, I REMEMBER! THE THREE DENTON BOYS HAD A KID BROTHER WHO DISAPPEARED. AND THE FOURTH FLINT BROTHER WAS IN ALCATRAZ WHEN HIS BROTHERS WERE ELECTROCUTED. HE'S OUT OF PRISON NOW...



THEN, AS THE GROUNDWORK IS CONTINUED, AND THE FAMED LAWYERS COMPILER A LIST OF POSSIBLE **WRECKER VICTIMS...**

GOSH, I NEVER REALIZED HOW POPULAR WE ARE... AND HOW MANY DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE GLORIFIED OUR CAREERS IN VARIOUS WAYS!

WE'LL HAVE OUR HANDS FULL, GUARDING THESE PEOPLE. THE POLICE WILL HAVE TO TAKE OVER THE JOB OF FINDING **DENTON AND FLINT!**



SUDDENLY A WARNING BUZZER ECHOES THROUGH THE BAT-CAVE, AS AN ELECTRONIC "EYE" ATOP THE WAYNE MANSION PICKS UP THE BEAM OF THE BAT-SIGNAL...

LET'S GO, **ROBIN!** GORDON'S CALLING!

THINGS ARE SURE HAPPENING FAST--- I'LL SAY THAT!



REPORTING TO GORDON, THE DARING DUO IS IMMEDIATELY SENT TO THE HOME OF DWIGHT FORROW, FAMOUS WRITER...

SO FORROW RECEIVED A DEATH-NOTE FROM THE **WRECKER!**

YES! AFTER THAT RECENT BEST-SELLER HE WROTE ABOUT OUR TEN GREATEST CASES, FORROW WOULD BE A LOGICAL VICTIM!

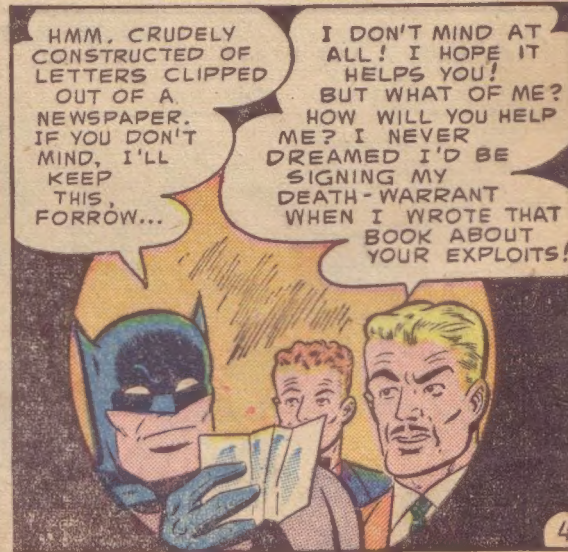
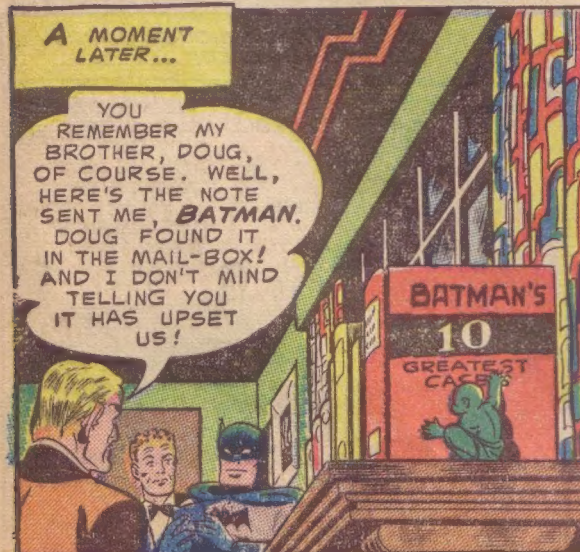


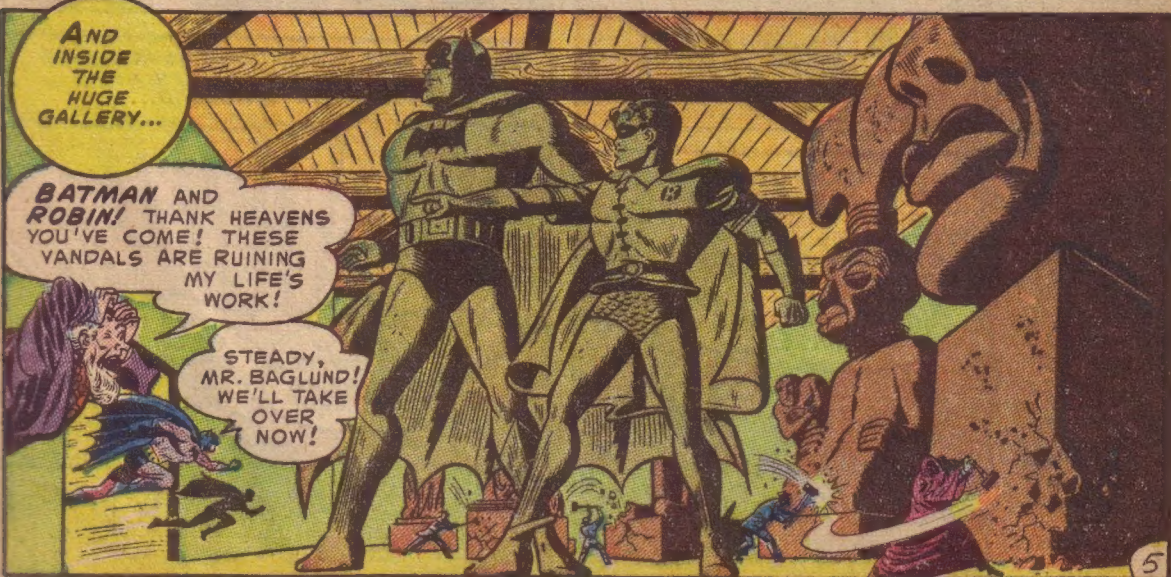
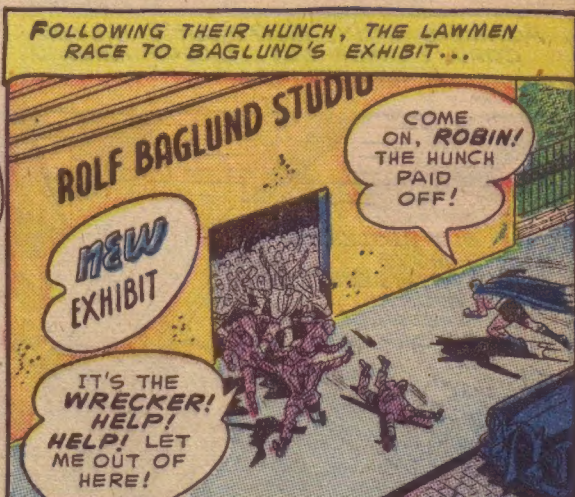
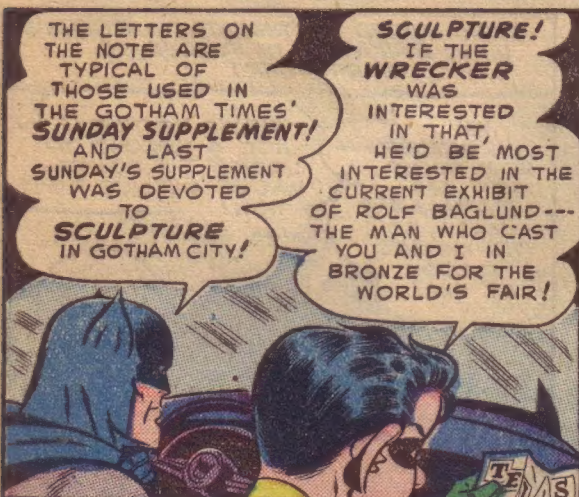
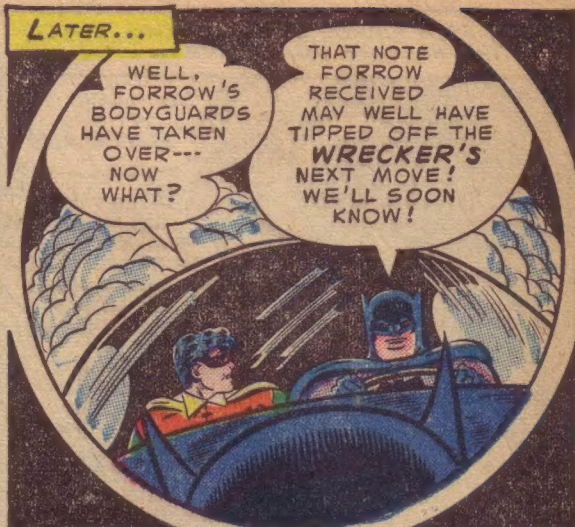
A MOMENT LATER...

YOU REMEMBER MY BROTHER, DOUG, OF COURSE. WELL, HERE'S THE NOTE SENT ME, **BATMAN**. DOUG FOUND IT IN THE MAIL-BOX! AND I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU IT HAS UPSET US!

HMM, CRUDELY CONSTRUCTED OF LETTERS CLIPPED OUT OF A NEWSPAPER. IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL KEEP THIS, FORROW...

I DON'T MIND AT ALL! I HOPE IT HELPS YOU! BUT WHAT OF ME? HOW WILL YOU HELP ME? I NEVER DREAMED I'D BE SIGNING MY DEATH-WARRANT WHEN I WROTE THAT BOOK ABOUT YOUR EXPLOITS!





THEN, AS A FIERCE BATTLE RAGES THROUGH THE HALL OF SCULPTURE...



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, **BATMAN!**

LET ME HELP, **BATMAN!** I'M NOT AFRAID OF THESE VANDALS!

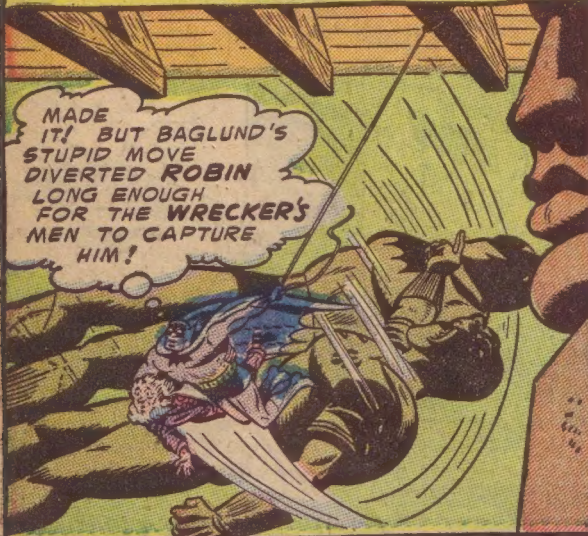
SUDDENLY...



BATMAN! THEY'RE TOPPLING THAT STATUE! BAGLUND WILL BE KILLED! HE'S FROZEN WITH TERROR!

MUST FORGET ABOUT THE **WRECKER** FOR NOW! HAVE TO SAVE BAGLUND!

ACTING SWIFTLY, **BATMAN'S** SILKEN CORD SNAKES OUT TO LOOP AROUND A CEILING BEAM. THEN...



MADE IT! BUT BAGLUND'S STUPID MOVE DIVERTED ROBIN LONG ENOUGH FOR THE **WRECKER'S** MEN TO CAPTURE HIM!

THEN, FACED BY THREATS TO **ROBIN'S** LIFE, **BATMAN** IS FORCED TO SURRENDER!



HEY, **WRECKER**--- HOW ABOUT TAKIN' OFF **BATMAN'S** MASK, SO'S WE KIN GET A LOOK AT HIM?

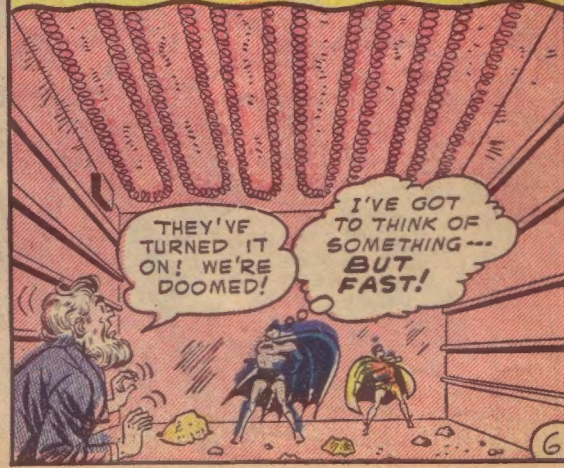
WE'VE NO TIME! NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! THE POLICE MAY BE OUTSIDE RIGHT NOW!

THEN, AS THE HEAVY DOOR SWINGS SHUT ON THE DOOMED LAWMEN AND SCULPTOR BAGLUND...



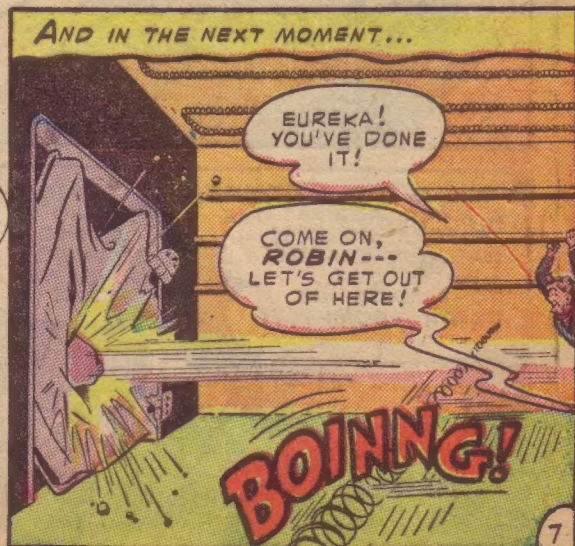
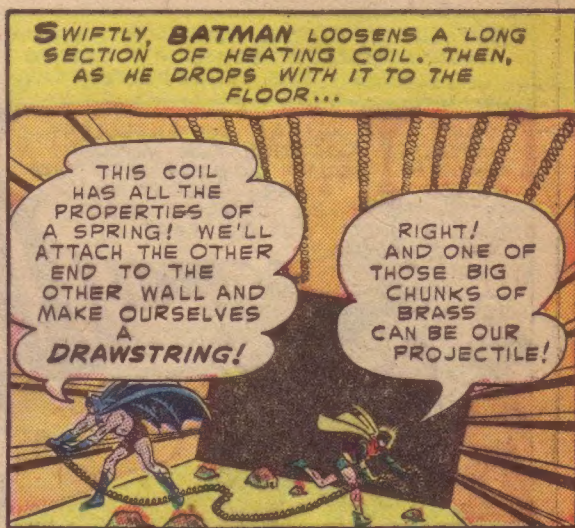
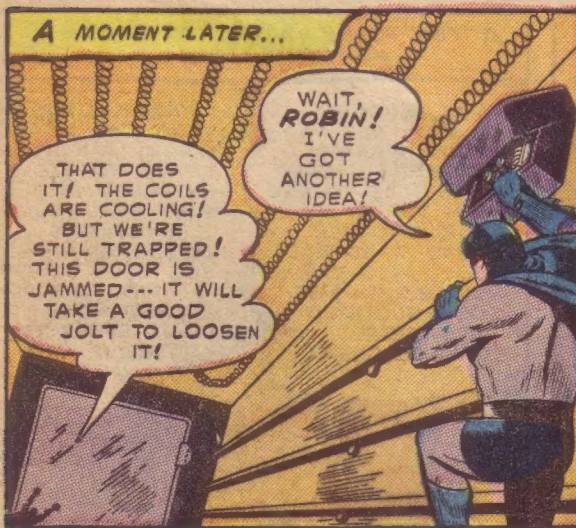
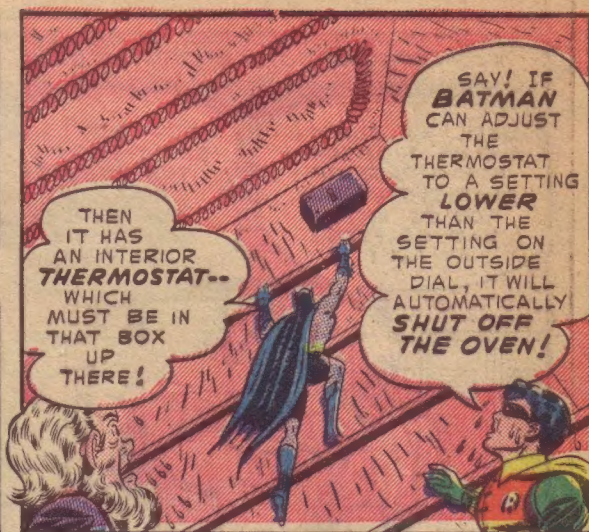
SECONDS LATER, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** FIND THEMSELVES BEFORE THE HUGE OVENS, WHEREIN SCULPTOR BAGLUND BAKES HIS MOLDS...

GRAB THEIR UTILITY BELTS AND SHOVE THEM IN HERE! TOMORROW WE'LL BE ABLE TO OFFER THE CITIZENS OF GOTHAM CITY SENSATIONAL NEWS IN THE OBITUARY COLUMNS!



THEY'VE TURNED IT ON! WE'RE DOOMED!

I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING--- BUT FAST!



LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, IN THE LOCKER ROOM OF THE GOTHAM COUNTRY CLUB...

WELL, MR. BURKE AND MR. THOMSON--- FOR A PAIR OF PLAINCLOTHESMEN, YOU'RE NOT BAD GOLFERS AT ALL!

NO--- BUT I BET I LOST TEN POUNDS! THAT SUN WAS MURDER OUT THERE, MR. FORROW!



THEN, AFTER FORROW'S BROTHER HAS JOINED THEM FOR DINNER AT THE CLUB...

YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL, SIR. QUITE A FEW PEOPLE AT DINNER COULD HAVE HEARD YOU WHEN YOU ANNOUNCED A DESIRE TO GO FOR A DRIVE THIS EVENING. WE'D RATHER YOUR MOVEMENTS WEREN'T KNOWN TO ANYONE!

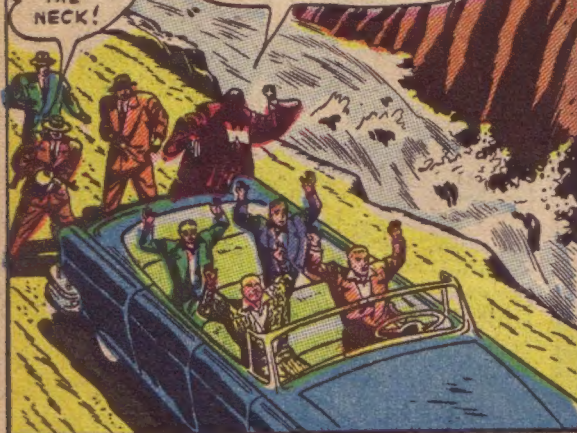
GOSH--- I KEEP FORGETTING! OH WELL--- I DON'T SUPPOSE THE **WRECKER** IS A MEMBER OF THIS CLUB!



BUT LATER, ON THE BERRY RIVER ROAD, WHEN FORROW STOPS HIS CAR TO ENJOY THE RUGGED SCENERY...

DON'T MOVE, ANYONE--- OR YOU GET A SLUG IN THE NECK!

HA-HA! AN EXCELLENT LOCATION FOR MURDER! DUMP A BODY INTO THIS RIVER, AND IT WILL BE CARRIED RIGHT OUT TO SEA!



A FEW HOURS LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THEY SLUGGED US ALL--- BUT MY WOUND WASN'T TOO BAD! I CAME TO IN TIME TO SEE THEM THROW MY POOR BROTHER, BOUND HAND AND FOOT, INTO THE RIVER! THIS IS COLD-BLOODED MURDER, COMMISSIONER!

I KNOW--- I KNOW. WHAT CAN I SAY, OTHER THAN WE'LL LEAVE NO STONE-TURNED IN OUR HUNT FOR YOUR BROTHER'S MURDERER! BURKE, FILE YOUR REPORT--- I WANT TO STUDY IT. AND NOW I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ALONE...



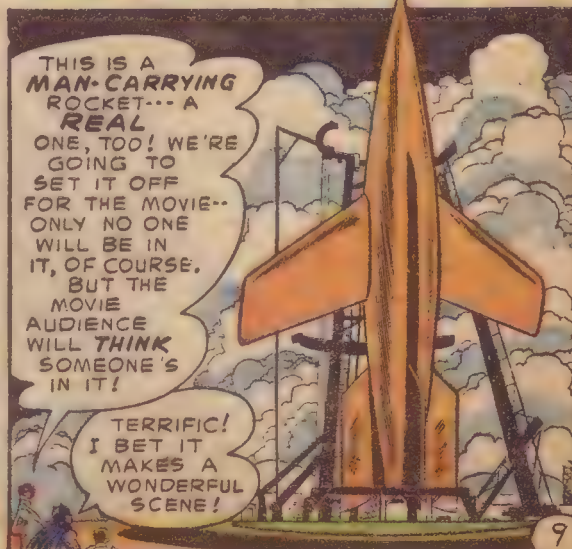
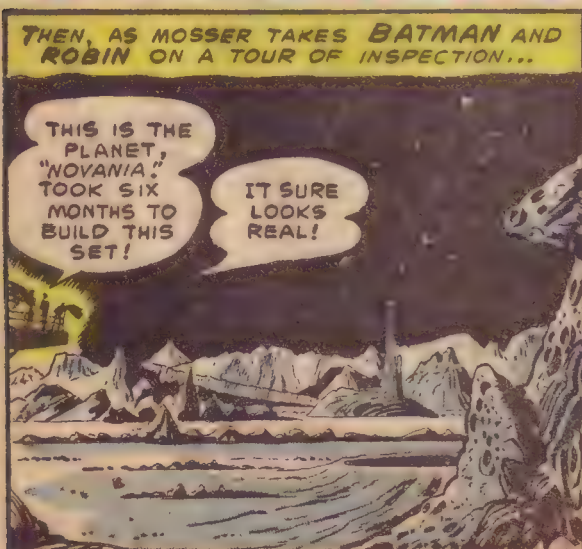
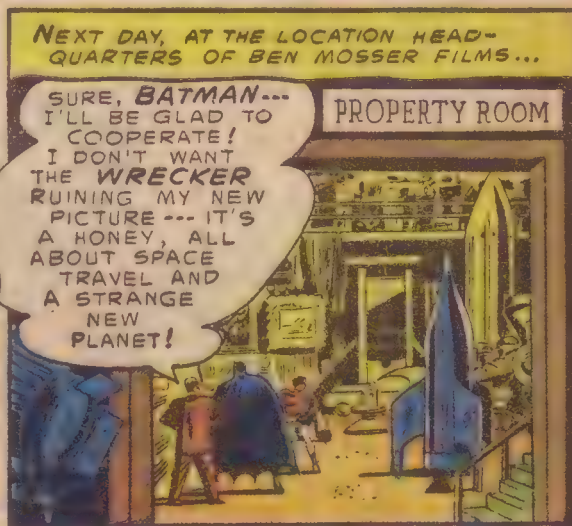
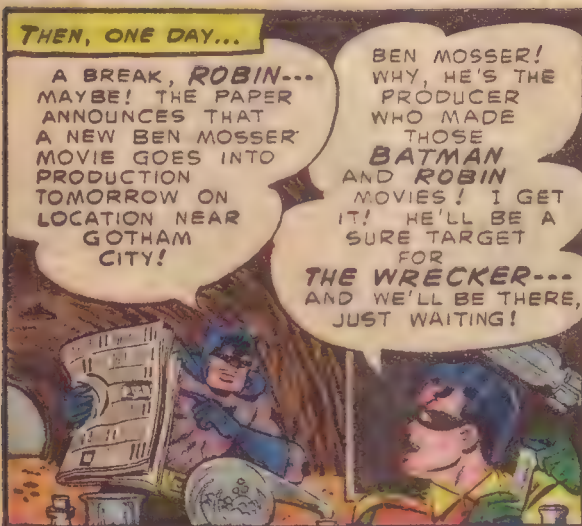
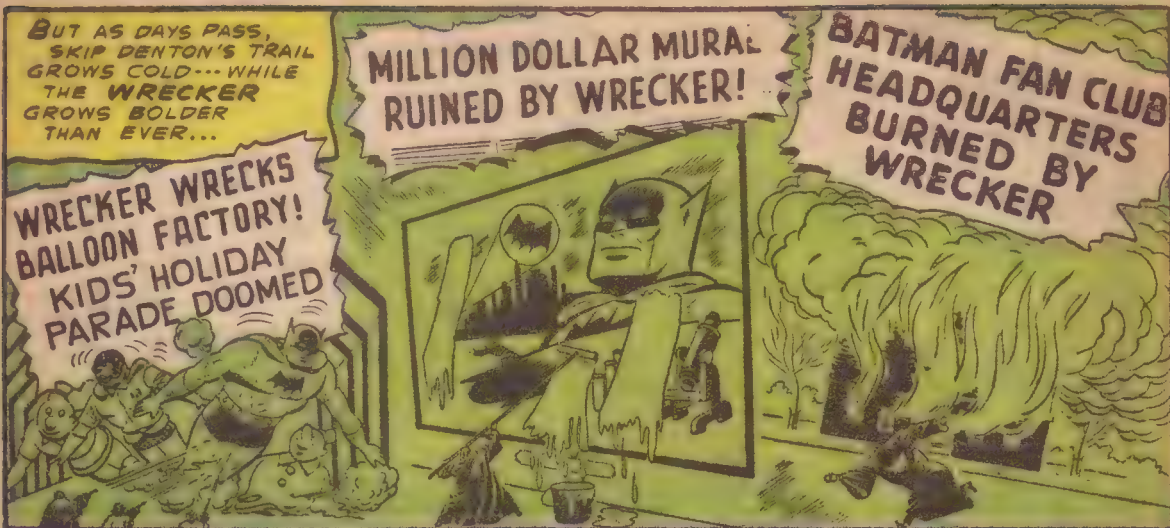
THIS IS BAD, **BATMAN**! A MARK AGAINST THE FORCE! FORROW WAS OUR CHARGE! WE'VE GOT TO AVENGE HIS DEATH PROMPTLY!

ROBIN AND I WILL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN!



ONE MORE THING. MY MEN FINALLY RAN ACROSS SKIP DENTON'S TRAIL. THEY TRACED IT TO THE GOTHAM COUNTRY CLUB WHERE HE WAS EMPLOYED AS A BUS-BOY! HE WAS THERE TONIGHT--- AT DINNER! HE'S SINCE DISAPPEARED! FIND THIS MAN, **BATMAN**!





NEXT DAY...

HERE COME THE EXTRAS, IN THEIR SPACE UNIFORMS. THEY SURE LOOK WEIRD, DON'T THEY?

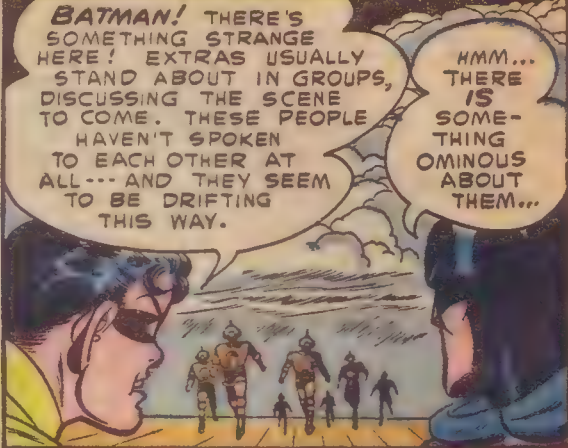
I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING **ROBIN**. I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE CAMERAMAN A MOMENT. BE RIGHT BACK...



SOON AFTER, AS **BATMAN** REJOINS **ROBIN**...

BATMAN! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE HERE! EXTRAS USUALLY STAND ABOUT IN GROUPS, DISCUSSING THE SCENE TO COME. THESE PEOPLE HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO EACH OTHER AT ALL--- AND THEY SEEM TO BE DRIFTING THIS WAY.

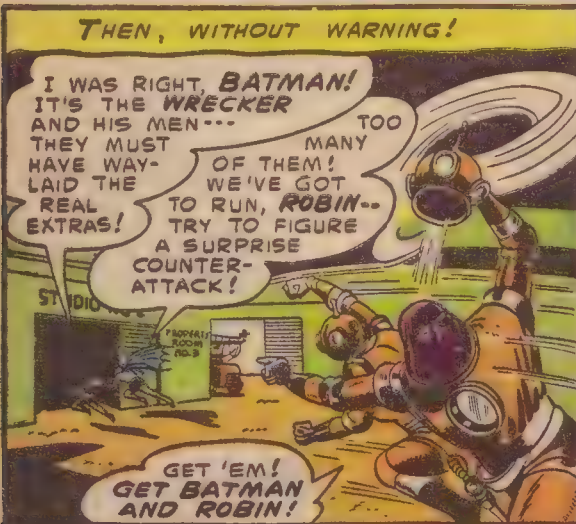
HMM... THERE IS SOMETHING OMINOUS ABOUT THEM...



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING!

I WAS RIGHT, **BATMAN!** IT'S THE **WRECKER** AND HIS MEN--- TOO MANY OF THEM! WE'VE GOT TO RUN, **ROBIN**.. TRY TO FIGURE A SURPRISE COUNTER-ATTACK!

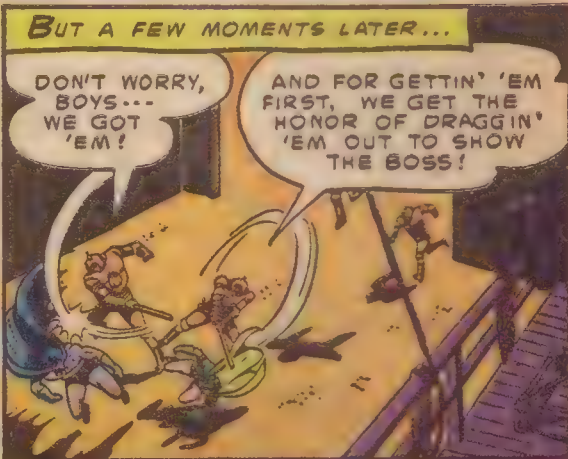
GET 'EM! GET **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!



BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

DON'T WORRY, BOYS... WE GOT 'EM!

AND FOR GETTIN' 'EM FIRST, WE GET THE HONOR OF DRAGGIN' 'EM OUT TO SHOW THE BOSS!



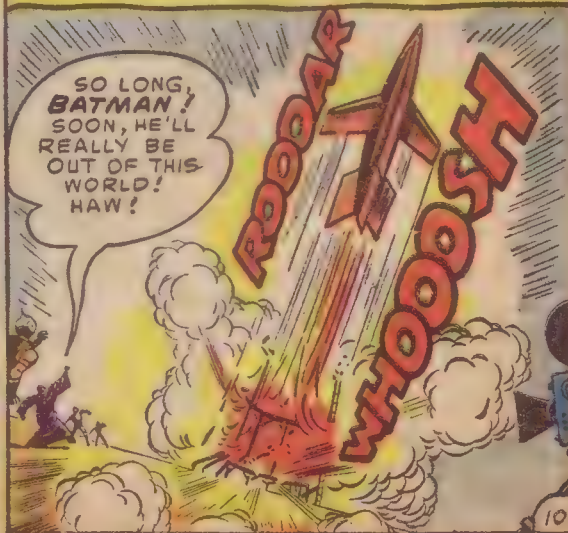
THE ROCKET IS OPENED, THE LIMP FIGURES OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ARE THROWN IN--- AND THEN!

BOSS, LET US STUFF THESE CHARACTERS INTO THE **ROCKET**-- AND THEN SET THE THING OFF!

A GREAT IDEA! GO AHEAD, BOYS--- THE FUN IS ALL YOURS!



SO LONG, **BATMAN**! SOON, HE'LL REALLY BE OUT OF THIS WORLD! HAW!



BUT THEN, WITH STUNNING RAPIDITY!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BOYS! BUT I FIGURED **ROBIN** AND I NEEDED THE ADVANTAGE OF **SURPRISE** OURSELVES. THE GAS PELLETS, **ROBIN... QUICKLY!**

THOSE WERE **DUMMIES** IN THE ROCKET! WE DISGUISED OURSELVES IN SOME SPARE SPACE-UNIFORMS!

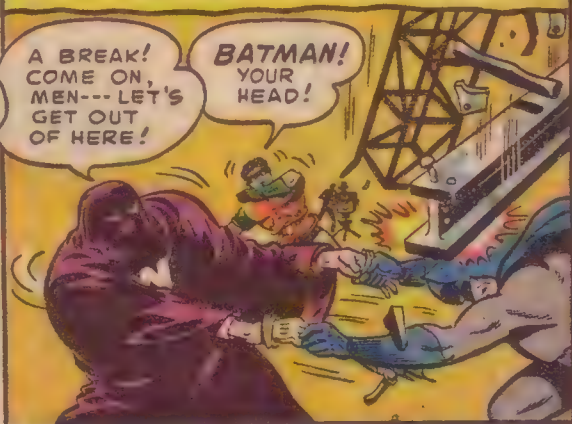
BATMAN!



ABRUPTLY, FATE DEALS BATMAN A BITTER BLOW! THE LAUNCHER, WEAKENED BY THE ROCKET'S TERRIFIC BLAST, SUDDENLY TOPPLES OVER!

A BREAK! COME ON, MEN--- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BATMAN!
YOUR HEAD!

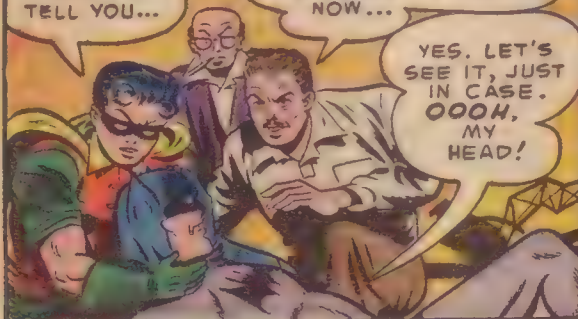


SOON AFTER...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT NOW, **BATMAN**? THE CAMERAMAN HAS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...

I DID LIKE YOU SAID, **BATMAN...** TURNED MY CAMERAS ON THE **WRECKER** WHEN HE SHOWED UP. YOU CAN SEE THE FILM IN A FEW MINUTES--- IT'S BEING PROCESSED NOW...

YES. LET'S SEE IT, JUST IN CASE. **OOOH, MY HEAD!**



LATER, IN A PROJECTION ROOM...

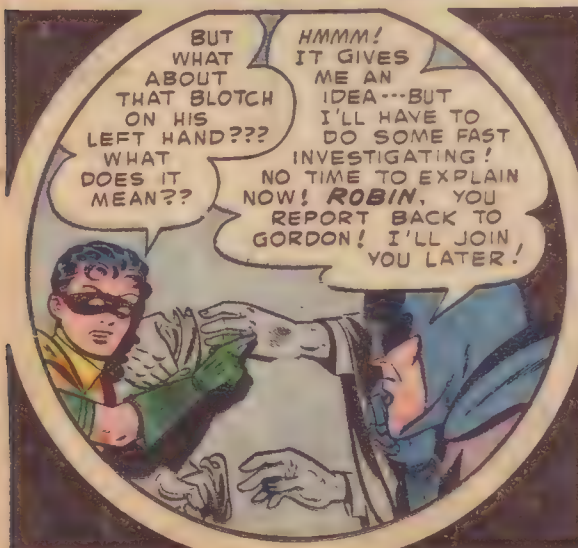
THAT'S ABOUT IT, **BATMAN---** WHEN THAT PLATFORM FELL ON YOU AND KNOCKED YOU DOWN, I INSTINCTIVELY LEFT THE CAMERA AND RUSHED TO HELP YOU...

WAIT! HOLD IT! I WANT TO STUDY THIS MORE CAREFULLY. I SEE SOMETHING ON ONE OF THE **WRECKER'S** HANDS!



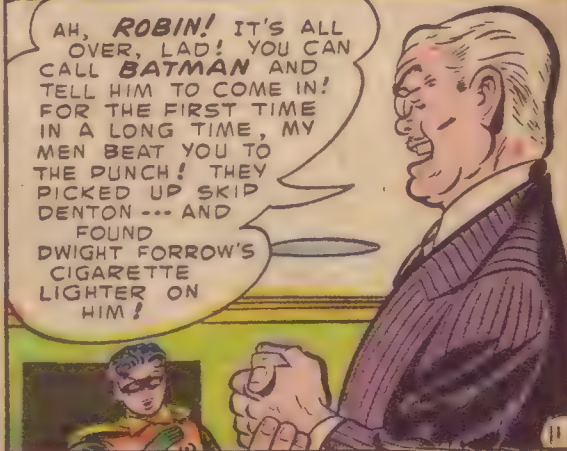
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT BLOTCH ON HIS LEFT HAND??? WHAT DOES IT MEAN???

HMMM! IT GIVES ME AN IDEA---BUT I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME FAST INVESTIGATING! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! **ROBIN**, YOU REPORT BACK TO GORDON! I'LL JOIN YOU LATER!



AND A FEW HOURS AFTERWARDS, WHEN ROBIN ENTERS COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

AH, **ROBIN!** IT'S ALL OVER, LAD! YOU CAN CALL **BATMAN** AND TELL HIM TO COME IN! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, MY MEN BEAT YOU TO THE PUNCH! THEY PICKED UP SKIP DENTON --- AND FOUND DWIGHT FORROW'S CIGARETTE LIGHTER ON HIM!



AND AS GORDON AND ROBIN ENTER A NEARBY INTERROGATION ROOM...

WHAT ABOUT THE LIGHTER, DENTON? YOU HAD THE LIGHTER! WHAT ELSE DID YOU GRAB BEFORE YOU DUMPED FORROW'S BODY??

NUTHIN'! NUTHIN'! I DIDN'T DUMP NO BODY! FORROW GIVE ME THE LIGHTER, I TOLD YA!!

I KNOW HIS TYPE! HE'LL BREAK DOWN SOON, AND CONFESS EVERYTHING!

PARDON, COMMISSIONER. BATMAN IS IN YOUR OFFICE. SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

DWIGHT FORROW... ALIVE??? BUT...BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE WAS MURDERED!

NO! JUST A FAKED DEATH, SO HIS BROTHER COULD COLLECT A LARGE AMOUNT OF INSURANCE! THE TWO HAD PLANS TO LIVE IN SOUTH AMERICA!

SO DWIGHT FORROW WAS THE **WRECKER!** AND HIS FAR-REACHING CAMPAIGN AGAINST **BATMAN** AND HIS FRIENDS WAS ALL A HOAX TO MAKE HIS OWN "DEATH" BELIEVABLE! A ROLE CREATED AS A **SMOKESCREEN**. TO BE CONTINUED UNTIL THE INSURANCE WAS PAID!

YES! ONCE I SUSPECTED FORROW, INVESTIGATION REVEALED HE WAS HEAVILY IN DEBT, DUE TO **GAMBLING**. I FOUND HIM AND HIS BROTHER IN THEIR CELLAR, WHERE THEY HAD AN ELABORATE HIDEOUT! POLICE ARE THERE NOW, ROUNDING UP THE WHOLE GANG!

AND AS BATMAN REVEALS A HASTILY-MADE SKETCH OF THE FORROW CELLAR...

WHEN HIS BODYGUARDS THOUGHT HE WAS SLEEPING OR WORKING, FORROW SLIPPED OUT TO BECOME THE **WRECKER!** HE HAD SPOTTED DENTON AT HIS CLUB, ATTEMPTED TO MAKE HIM THE FALL GUY!

VERY SMOOTH! REMEMBER--- FORROW'S BROTHER WAS THE ONLY WITNESS TO A "MURDER" THAT NEVER EVEN HAPPENED! THAT DAY, THE **WRECKER** WAS A HENCHMAN IN DISGUISE!

AND LATER, IN THE HALL OF TROPHIES, **BATMAN** CAREFULLY PLACES A GOLF GLOVE AMONG THE HONORED SOUVENIRS ON DISPLAY...

THE BLOTCH ON THE HAND! **SUNBURN...** DUE TO THE **OPEN BACK** OF A GOLF GLOVE! THAT'S HOW YOU BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF FORROW!

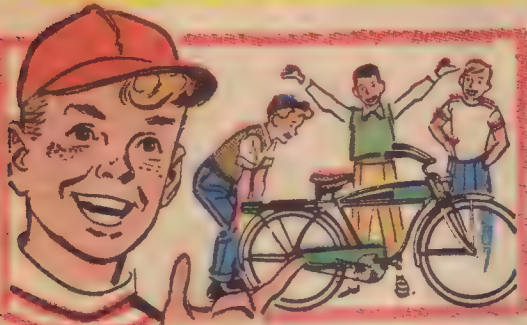
YES! HE WAS THE ONLY **GOLFER** IN THE CASE! AND MOST GOLFGERS GET THAT PARTIAL BURN THE FIRST TIME OUT EACH YEAR! I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU SOONER. **ROBIN...** BUT I WANTED TO IMPRESS UPON YOU THIS LESSON IN THE **POWERS OF OBSERVATION!**

THE GOLF GLOVE THAT LED TO THE DOWNFALL OF DWIGHT FORROW, THE **WRECKER.**

THE END

It's fun to know how far you go...
and you can with the **ROADMASTER**
ROADOMETER* that counts the miles!

*Roadometer automatically measures and records the miles you ride. Records every 1/10th mile up to 10,000 miles!



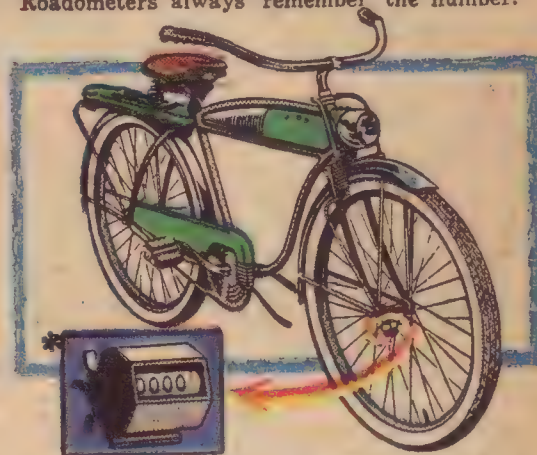
"One day I actually pedalled 17 miles! My friends never would have believed me—but there was my Roadmaster Roadometer to prove it."



"Most of my friends have Roadmasters with Roadometers, now. We have fun going on 'bike hikes'—no matter how many miles we ride—our Roadometers always 'remember' the number."



"I'm glad I've got a Roadmaster Luxury Liner...with a Roadometer. I never realized how much fun it can be to always know how far you've gone—whether in an hour, a day or even a month."



Yes, now the Roadmaster® Luxury Liner has a Roadometer—measures miles just like official instruments used on cars and motorcycles.

ROADMASTER'S Luxury Liner is America's only fully-equipped bike...

- **Exclusive Roadmaster Roadometer**
—measures the miles!
- **Shockmaster coil-spring fork**
—smoother ride.
- **Searchbeam headlight**
—better visibility.
- **Electronically welded frame**
—100% stronger.
- **Safety bumper bars (front and rear)**—more protection.
- **Electric horn**
—right in the tank.



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W. 117th St. & Berea Rd., Cleve. 7, O.
Subsidiary of
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New York

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Please send me free Roadmaster folder, "LET'S
GO ON A BIKE HIKE", containing helpful hints
on map-reading, exciting bike hike ideas, equip-
ment to take along and bike hike games.

NAME _____

NAME OF YOUR BICYCLE DEALER _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

BEARCAT SETS BASEPATH ON FIRE

A JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

GOSH, JIM!
BOB SHOULD
HAVE BEEN SAFE
A MILE!

WE'LL NEVER WIN
THE BIG GAME WITH
BASE RUNNING
LIKE THAT!

I JUST
DON'T SEEM
TO HAVE MY
FULL SPEED

WHAT YOU NEED
ARE "P-F's".
THEY'LL
HELP!

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS
SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL
SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT
"P-F" RIGID WEDGE
HELPS KEEP THE
WEIGHT OF THE
BODY ON THE
OUTSIDE OF
THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING
FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE
STRAIN, INCREASING
ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER
CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ©

THE BIG GAME!

NOW FOR THE OLD
SQUEEZE PLAY. HOPE
BOB CAN SCORE THE
WINNING RUN

THE
BEARCATS
WIN!

BOB SURE
GOT AWAY
FAST!
HE'S SAFE!

THOSE "P-F's"
HELPED
HIM GO
FULL SPEED!

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS
SHOES TODAY AND SEE
FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

...LESSEN FOOT AND
LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
...INCREASE ENDURANCE
...YOU GO FULL SPEED
LONGER



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY IN B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company

FOLKS HAVE COME TO EXPECT ALMOST ANYTHING ON ROY RAYMOND'S "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE!" TV SHOW-- FROM TALKING DOGS TO DANCING ZEBRAS! BUT NO ONE WAS PREPARED FOR THE MAN WHO DEFIED THE LAW OF AVERAGES! THE THINGS THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN IN A MILLION YEARS WERE SURE TO HAPPEN TO HIM! YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT? NEITHER DID ROY UNTIL HE MET THE MAN CALLED...

"MILLION-TO-ONE" MILLER!

IMPOSSIBLE-BUT TRUE

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT MAN DOING? GETTING READY FOR A BLIZZARD IN THE MIDDLE OF JULY?

DON'T SCOFF, KAREN! IF I KNOW "MILLION-TO-ONE" MILLER, WE CAN EXPECT A SNOWSTORM ANY MINUTE!



RUBEN MOREIRA

ONE DAY, AS THOUSANDS JAM THE LOCAL STADIUM TO WATCH THE FINAL WORLD SERIES GAME...

IT'S GOING TO RAIN, ROY! LET'S GO BEFORE WE GET SOAKED!

IT'S JUST AS WELL, KAREN-- I WANT TO SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT LINED UP FOR OUR NEXT "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE" SHOW!

JUST THEN...

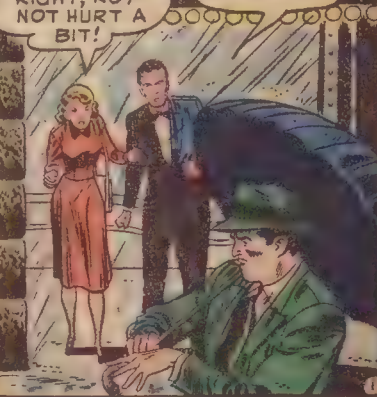
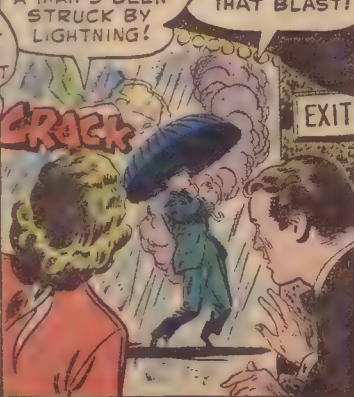
OH--ROY, LOOK-- A MAN'S BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!

YES, POOR CHAP-- HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THAT BLAST!

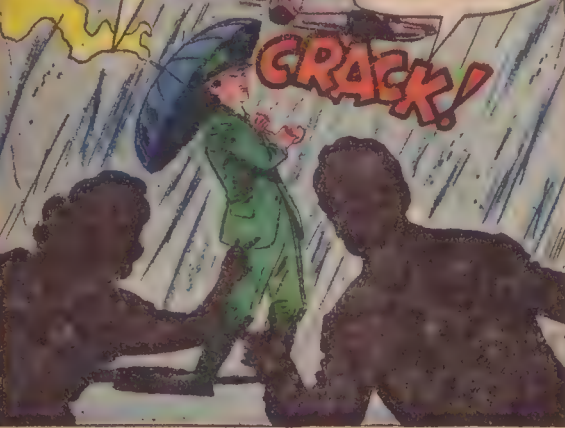
BUT, MIRACULOUSLY...

H-HE'S ALL RIGHT, ROY-- NOT HURT A BIT!

AMAZING!



MOMENTS LATER, FOLLOWING A HEAVY DOWN-POUR... R-ROY... ANOTHER YES, AND IT JUST MISSED THAT PLANE BY WHAT SEEMS LIKE INCHES!



BUT TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE...

OH, NO--- IT CAN'T BE! NOT ONLY DOES HE GET HIT BY LIGHTNING **TWICE**--- BUT HE LIVES THROUGH **BOTH STROKES!** THAT COULD ONLY HAPPEN ONCE IN A MILLION TIMES! LET'S ASK HIM TO GO ON THE SHOW, ROY!

GOOD IDEA!



SOON, AS ROY RAYMOND OFFERS THE STRANGER A SPOT ON HIS TV SHOW...

THIS MAY BE A NOVELTY TO YOU, MR. RAYMOND, BUT IT'S OLD STUFF TO ME--- BEEN HAPPENING ALL MY LIFE! THAT'S WHY FOLKS CALL ME "MILLION-TO-ONE" MILLER! MILES MILLER'S THE NAME!

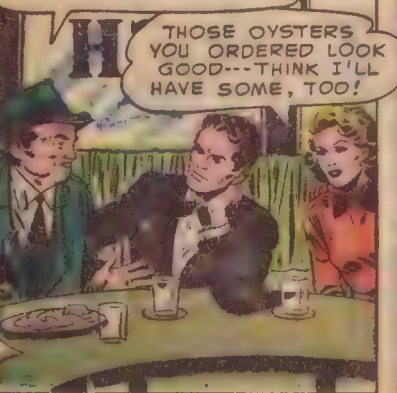


YOU'RE TELLING ME! WHAT'S MORE, I CAN ALWAYS TELL WHEN IT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN--- I GET A FUNNY, FLUTTERY FEELING IN MY STOMACH! ER, THAT REMINDS ME, IT'S NOONTIME--- HOW ABOUT HAVING LUNCH WITH ME? WE CAN TALK ABOUT YOUR SHOW!

WHY NOT?



YEP--- AS I SAID, THOSE MILLION-TO-ONE SHOTS ARE ALWAYS HAPPENING TO ME! REMEMBER THE SWEEPSTAKES LAST MONTH? I WON IT WITH A TICKET I FOUND IN A SUIT THE TAILOR SENT ME BY MISTAKE!



SUDDENLY... ER, WHAT'S THE MATTER? ANYTHING WRONG?



YEAH--- I JUST GOT THAT FLUTTERY FEELING INSIDE!

AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT... LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN ONE OF MY OYSTERS--- A PEARL!

TALK ABOUT MILLION-TO-ONE SHOTS!

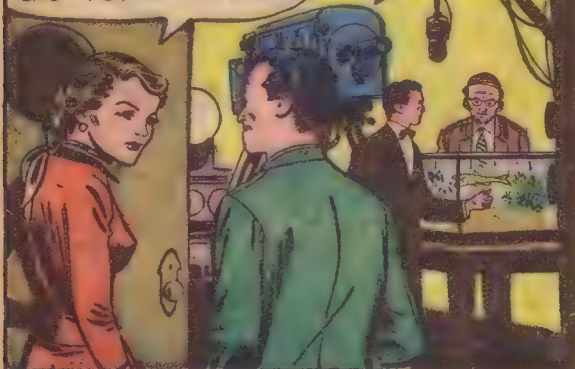


THAT SETTLES IT! BE AT THE STUDIO FRIDAY AT 7:30, AND I'LL PUT YOU ON THE SHOW.

ACCORDINGLY, AS THE REGULARLY SCHEDULED TELECAST OF "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE!" FILLS THE NATION'S SCREENS...

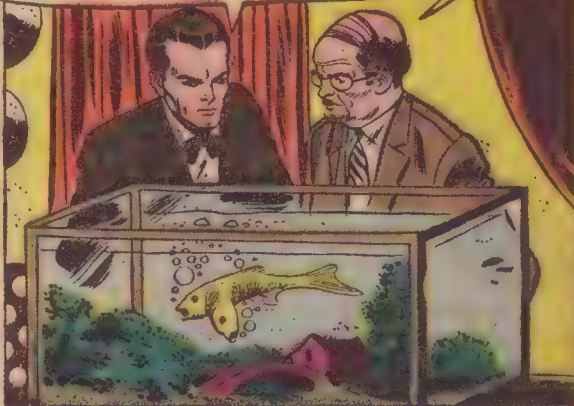
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, MR. MILLER... BUT MR. RAYMOND IS SAVING YOU FOR THE LAST ACT OF THE SHOW!

THAT'S OKAY--- I'M ENJOYING IT--- NEVER BEEN IN A TELEVISION STUDIO BEFORE!



TWO-HEADED FISH ARE VERY RARE, BUT, SO FAR AS WE KNOW, THIS PEACOCK FISH IS BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND EVER FOUND! THAT RIGHT, MR. JONSON?

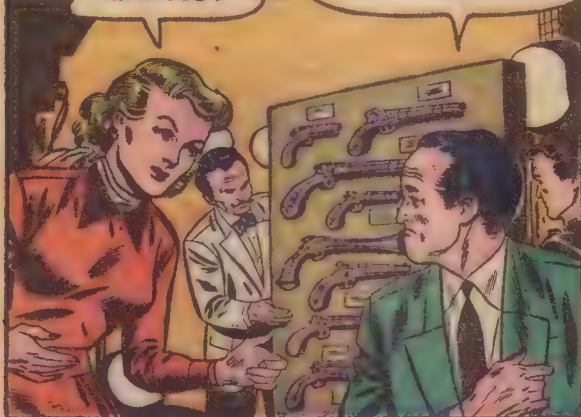
YES, MR. RAYMOND, I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES WHEN I CAUGHT IT!



THEN, MINUTES LATER...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. MILLER? GETTING NERVOUS?

N--NO, IT ISN'T THAT-- I---I'M GETTING THAT FLUTTERY FEELING!



HERE, FOLKS, YOU SEE THE ONLY COMPLETE COLLECTION OF FIREARMS IN THE WORLD! IT TOOK MR. CLARK, THE OWNER, AN ENTIRE LIFETIME TO COLLECT THEM!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! JUST RELAX!



BUT, AS THE SHOW SWIFTLY APPROACHES ITS CLIMAX, ONE OF THE GUNS IN THE DISPLAY SUDDENLY GOES OFF!

WATCH OUT!

GREAT SCOTT! THAT GUN HASN'T BEEN FIRED IN 200 YEARS!

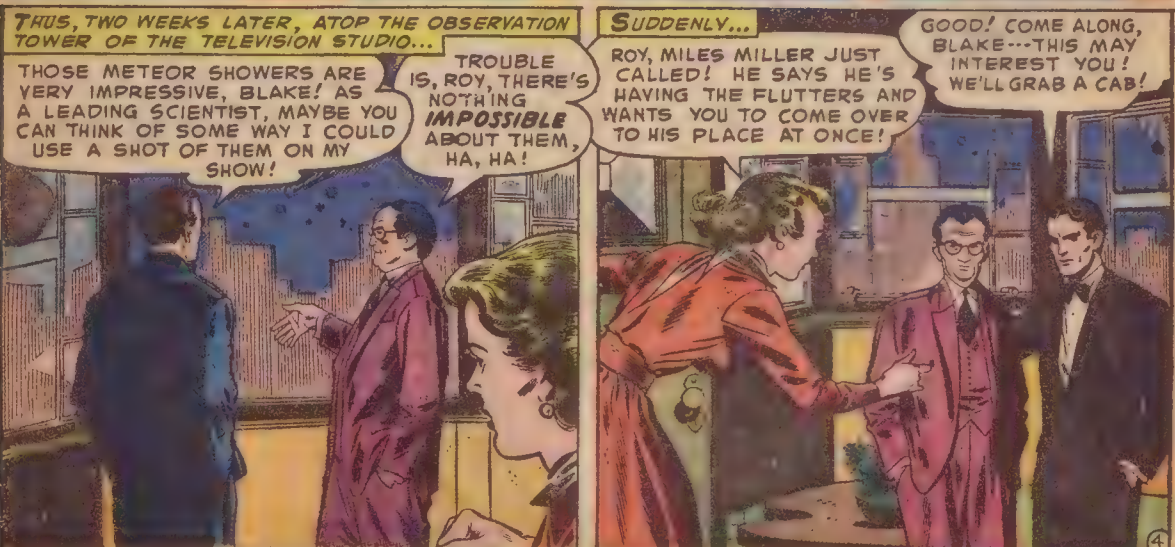
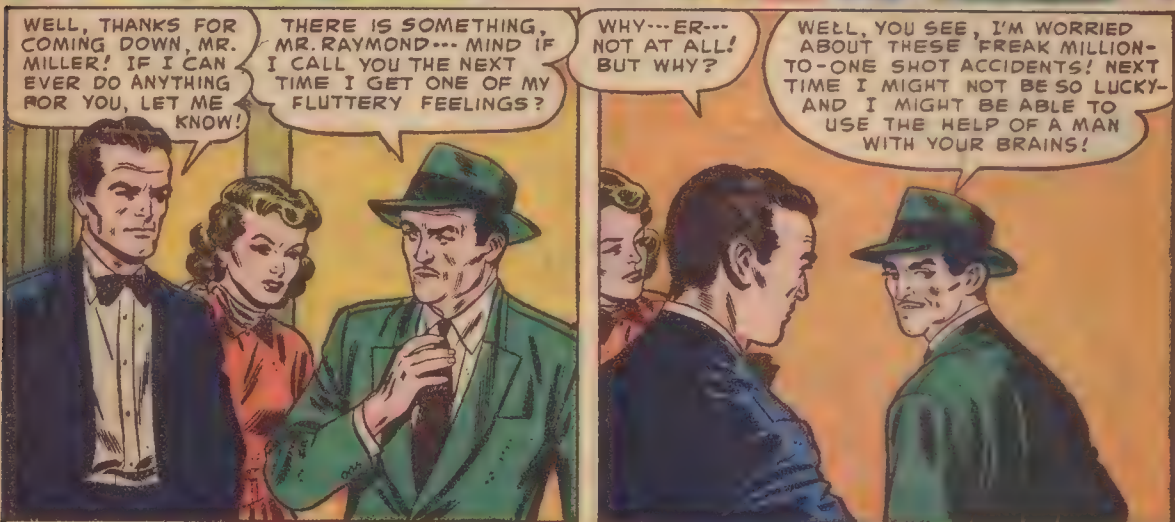
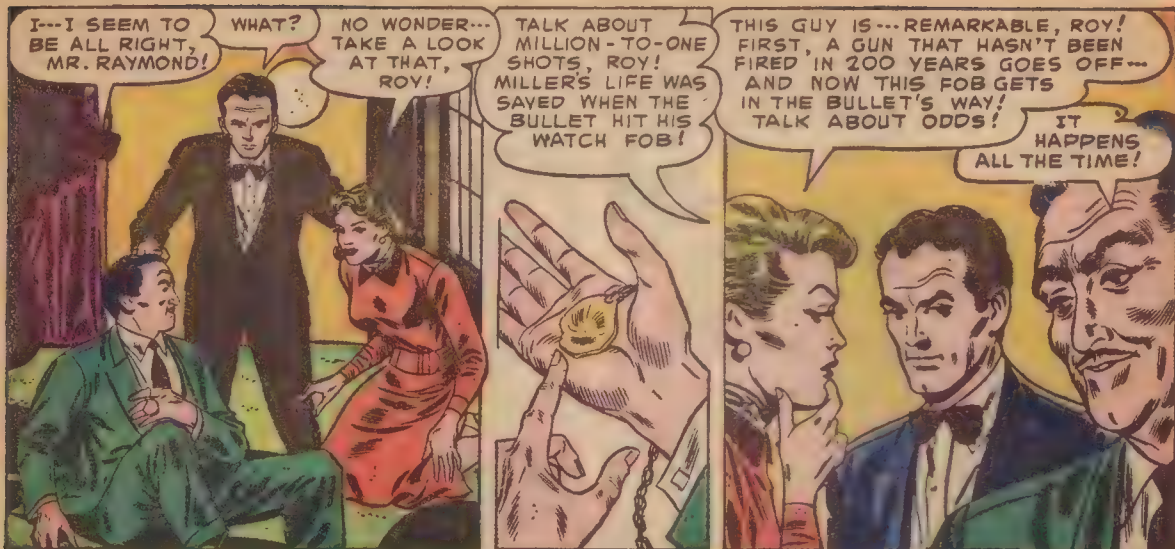


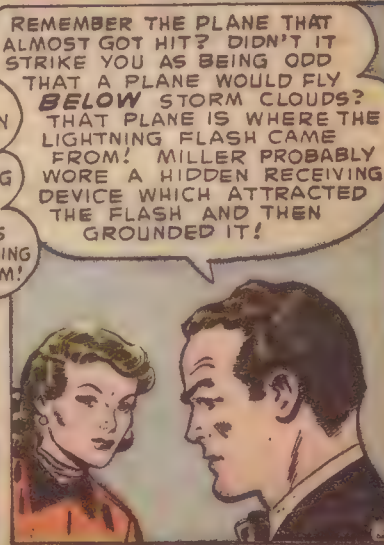
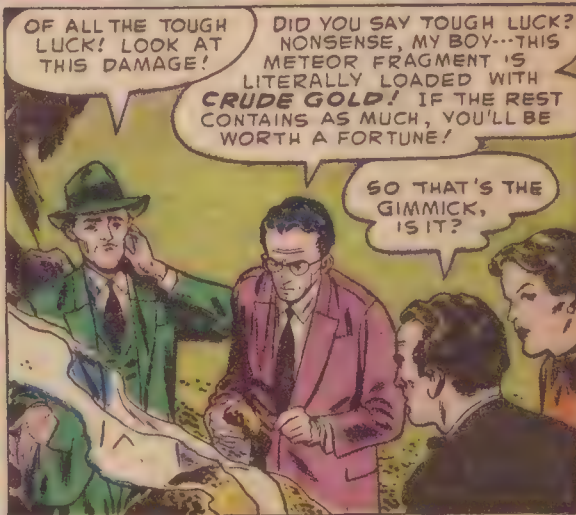
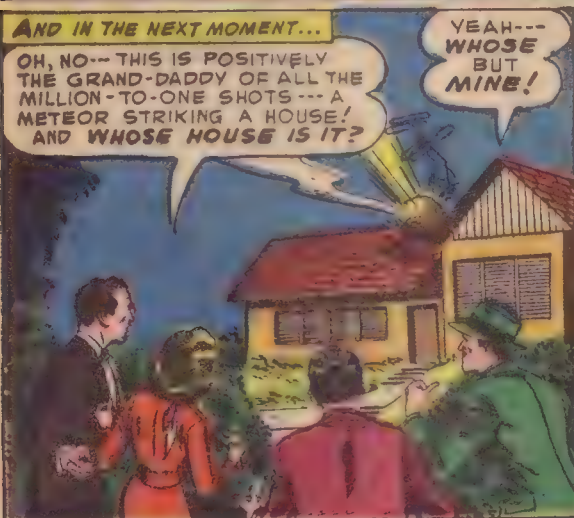
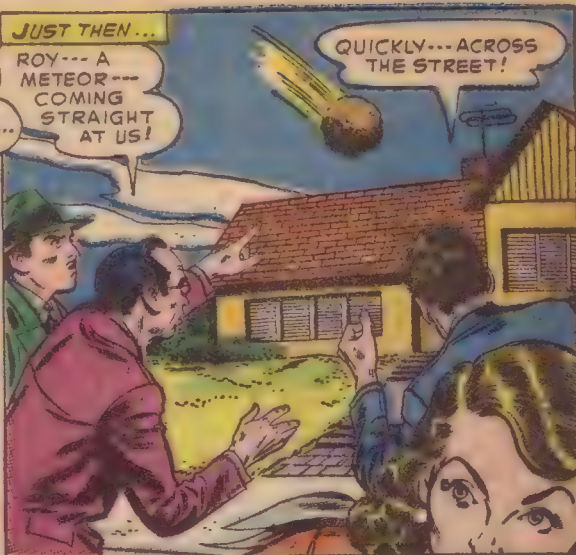
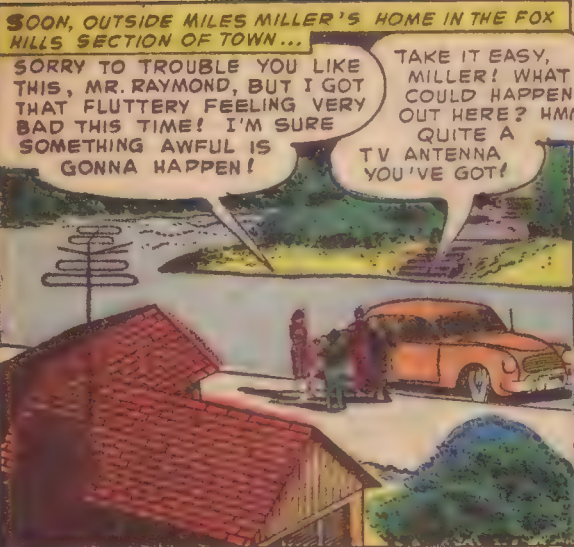
AND, INSTANTANEOUSLY...

OOF

ROY, MILLER'S BEEN SHOT!







WAIT A MINUTE, ROY-- HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE OTHER FREAK EVENTS?

EASY! MILLER BOUGHT THAT SWEEPSTAKES TICKET FROM THE **REAL** WINNER... AND CLARK, THE GUN COLLECTOR, ADMITTED TO ME THAT HE WAS PAID TO LET THAT GUN GO OFF!... THE PEARL? SIMPLE SLEIGHT OF HAND--- MILLER HAD IT BEFORE HE ENTERED THE RESTAURANT!

I ALSO FOUND OUT MILLER IS THE REGISTERED OWNER OF A PLANE--- THE PLANE THAT SENT DOWN THE LIGHTNING! AND, BY THE WAY--- WHOEVER HEARD OF A REAL METEOR COOLING OFF ENOUGH TO HANDLE WITHIN MINUTES AFTER LANDING!

MM-- NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! BUT YOU CALLED IT A **PHONEY** METEOR? WHAT ACTUALLY WAS IT?

A FLYING MISSILE! HERE'S A RADIO PART FROM ITS HEAD! AND THAT SO-CALLED TV ANTENNA? NOTHING BUT A POWERFUL BEAM DIRECTING THE MISSILE AFTER IT WAS CATAPULTED ELSEWHERE!

A FLYING MISSILE IN THE SHAPE OF A METEOR! AMAZING!

JUST THEN... ROY, MILLER'S ESCAPING!

YES, BLAST HIM --- AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A KIDDIE CAR TO CHASE HIM WITH!

AT THE SAME TIME, HIGH IN THE CLOUDS, AS AN AMATEUR PILOT FLIES ABOVE THE CITY...

OH-OH---THERE GOES THE ENGINE, AND IT'S TOO DARK TO PUT IT DOWN! BETTER HIT THE SILK!

THUS, SOME MINUTES LATER...

R-ROY, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? MILLER'S GOING TO BE TRAPPED BY THAT FALLING PARACHUTE! I---I CAN'T BELIEVE IT---HE WOULD'VE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT FREAK MILLION-TO-ONE SHOT!

HA, HA! YES, KAREN---IRONICALLY ENOUGH, THE ONE GENUINE MILLION-TO-ONE SHOT IN MILES MILLER'S LIFE WAS THE ONE THAT LED TO HIS DOWNFALL!

THE END.

MAJOR MARS

AMERICA'S #1 SPACE SOLDIER

VICTORY BY REFLECTION

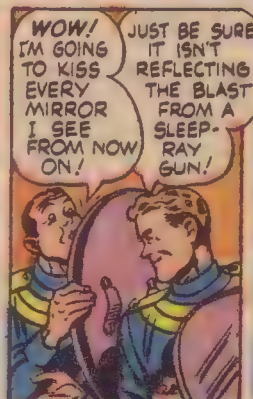
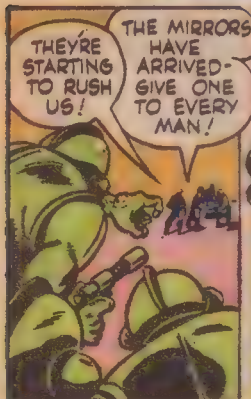
THE VENUSIANS HAVE BROKEN INTO OUR RESEARCH HEADQUARTERS!

ALERT ALL GUARD SQUADRONS! I'LL MEET THEM AT THE SCENE!

WE HAVE THEM CORNERED, SIR... BUT THEIR SLEEP-RAY GUNS ARE TOO EFFECTIVE!

WE CAN'T LET THOSE VENUSIANS LEAVE THIS PLANET! I HAVE AN IDEA!

MAJOR MARS CALLING... RUSH AT LEAST 20 LARGE MIRRORS TO RESEARCH HEADQUARTERS!



THEY'RE STARTING TO RUSH US!

THE MIRRORS HAVE ARRIVED—GIVE ONE TO EVERY MAN!

GO AHEAD, SHOOT! THE REFLECTION FROM YOUR OWN GUNS WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP!

WOW! I'M GOING TO KISS EVERY MIRROR I SEE FROM NOW ON!

JUST BE SURE IT ISN'T REFLECTING THE BLAST FROM A SLEEP-RAY GUN!

BOYS AND GIRLS, DON'T FORGET TO SEND FOR ONE OF THESE THRILLING GIFTS TODAY!

THESE THRILLING GIFTS ARE YOURS!

#40

OLD TIME CAR KITS



Build model plastic autos. No cutting, carving or sanding. Just assemble, cement and decorate. Select one: 1900-Packard; 1903-Cadillac; 1903 Model A Ford; 1909-Stanley Steamer; 1910-Model T Ford.

150 BAGS OR 35c & 15 BAGS

#33

INITIAL RING

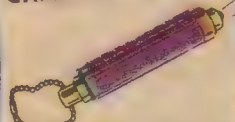


Beautiful gold plated signet ring with one of your initials engraved on black enamel. Adjustable to fit all sizes. STATE INITIAL DESIRED.

100 BAGS OR 20c & 10 BAGS

#37

ALL-PURPOSE KEY CHAIN FLASHLIGHT



For pocket or purse—handy for emergency use. Complete with battery and bulb.

115 BAGS OR 25c & 10 BAGS



MAIL TODAY

"POPSICLE," Box 678, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me _____

I am enclosing \$ _____ and _____ bags.

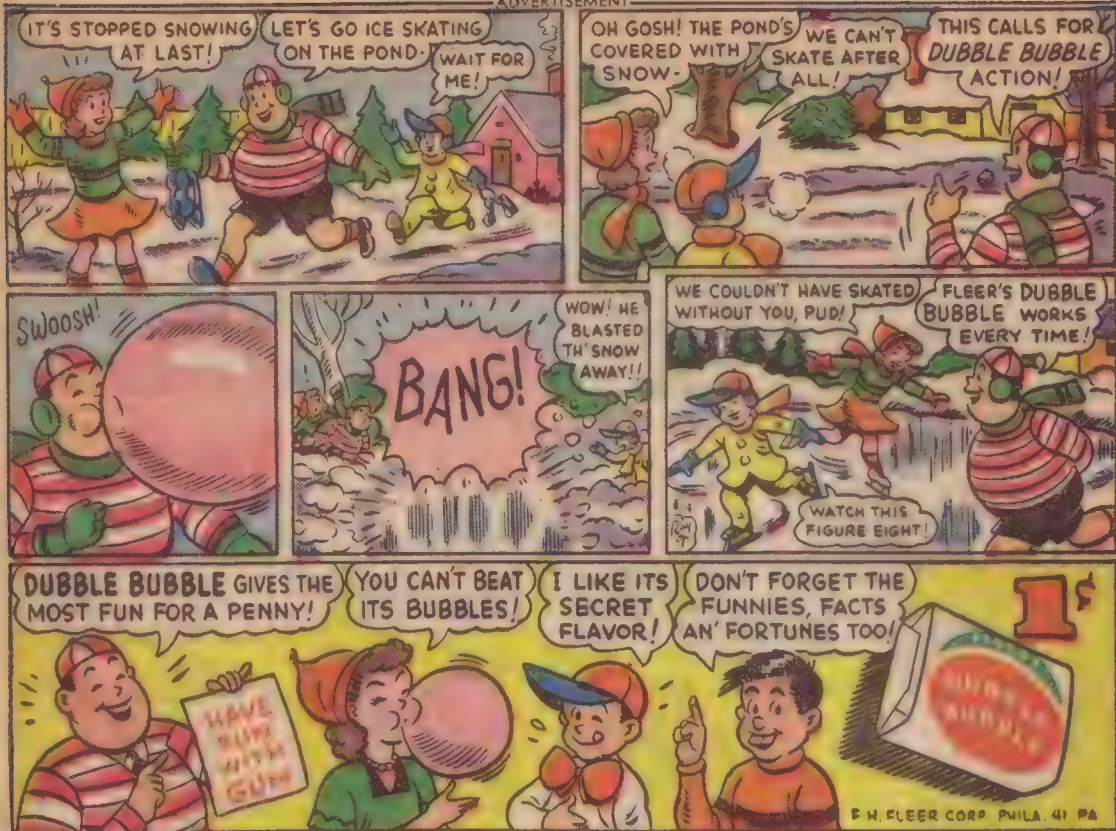
NAME _____

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(Print in pencil only)

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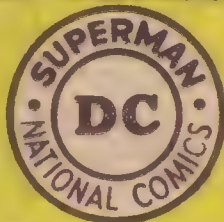
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BE SURE
TO GET THE
LATEST ISSUE
OF
THE ADVENTURES OF
**Dean
MARTIN and
Jerry
LEWIS**
TODAY!



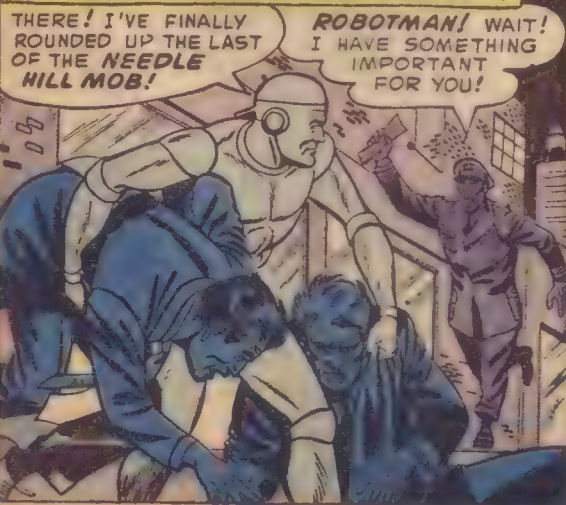
ROBOTMAN

WHEN AN OUTMODED OLD LAW
 CAUSES ROBOTMAN TO STAY
 OFF THE STREETS OR GET A LICENSE,
 THE UNDERWORLD LOOKS FORWARD
 TO A CARNIVAL OF CRIME. FOR
 EVEN THE GREAT MAN OF METAL
 APPEARS HELPLESS WHEN HE IS
 BETRAYED BY A...

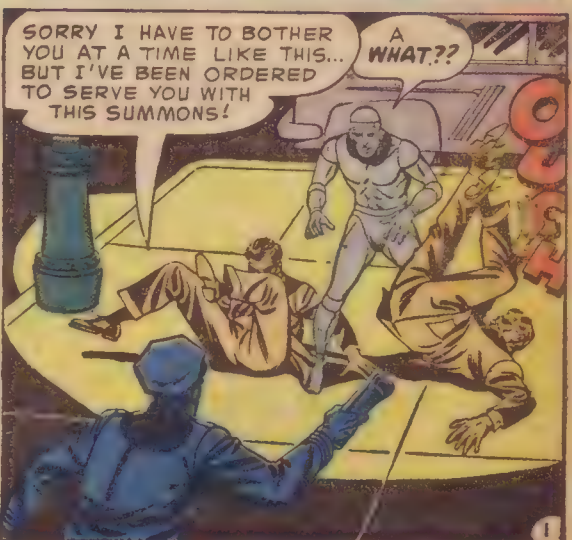
"LICENSE FOR A ROBOT!"



ONE NIGHT, ALONG A DARK CITY STREET...



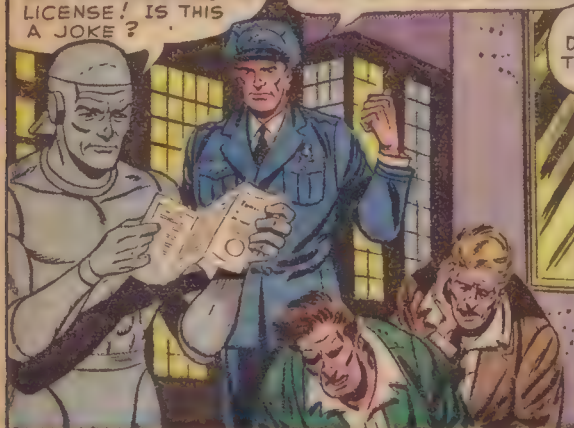
ROBOTMAN! WAIT!
 I HAVE SOMETHING
 IMPORTANT
 FOR YOU!



A
 WHAT??

IT'S A SUMMONS ALL RIGHT--- FOR BEING A **MECHANICAL CONVEYANCE** AND NOT POSSESSING A LICENSE! IS THIS A JOKE?

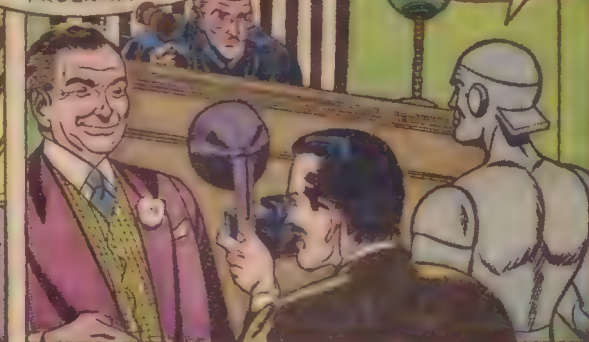
WISH I COULD TELL YOU, **ROBOTMAN!** YOU'D BETTER ANSWER IT AS SOON AS YOU GET RID OF THESE CROOKS!



SO IN THE LOCAL TRAFFIC COURT, AWHILE LATER...

IT'S NO JOKE, **ROBOTMAN!** UNDER AN OLD CITY LAW, ALL MOVING MECHANICAL OBJECTS MUST BE LICENSED! EDWARD BRENT, THE LAWYER OVER THERE, DUG IT UP AS PART OF OUR TRAFFIC CLEANUP PROGRAM!

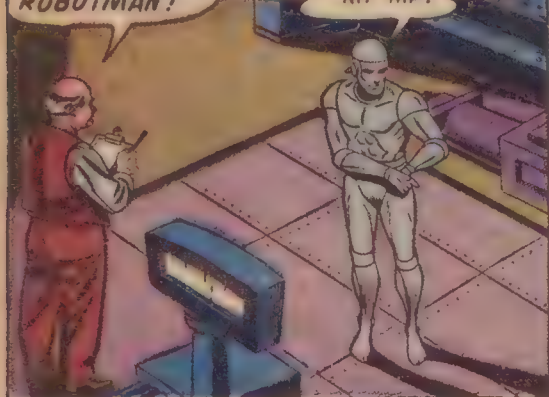
I UNDERSTAND---AND I'LL COOPERATE OF COURSE! WHERE DO I APPLY FOR A LICENSE?



THUS THE FAMED MAN OF METAL WEIGHS IN, LIKE AN AUTOMOBILE, TO DETERMINE HIS LICENSE FEE...

THAT'LL BE \$20, **ROBOTMAN!**

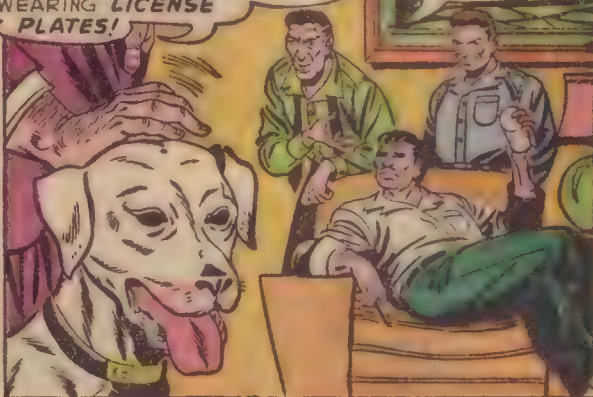
I HAVE SOME MONEY IN A COMPARTMENT ON MY HIP!



BUT AFTERWARD, IN ANOTHER CORNER OF TOWN...

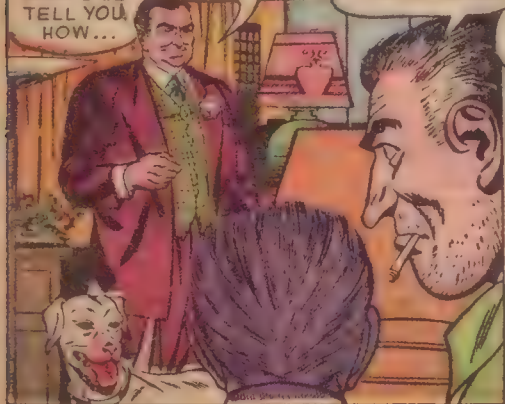
HA, HA... THIS IS JUST THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! FROM NOW ON, **ROBOTMAN** WILL BE WEARING LICENSE PLATES!

SO WHAT, BOSS? HOW DOES THAT HELP US?



I DUG UP THAT OLD LICENSING LAW ON PURPOSE, BECAUSE I SAW A WAY TO CLEAN UP IF I COULD MAKE **ROBOTMAN** WEAR SPECIAL PLATES! LISTEN CLOSELY, AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW...

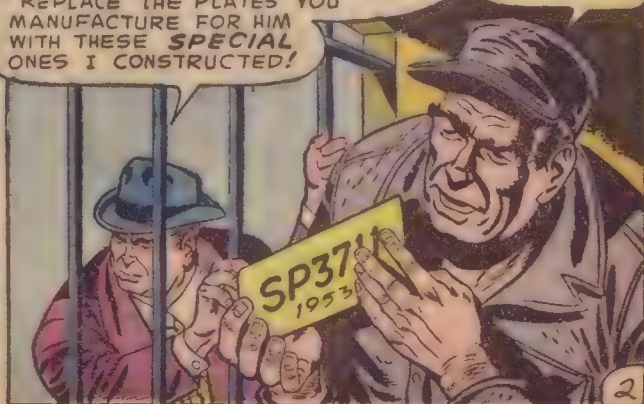
GO AHEAD, BRENT... I'M LISTENING!



NEXT DAY, IN STATE PRISON, WHERE AUTOMOBILE LICENSE PLATES ARE MADE...

THIS IS THE LICENSE NUMBER ASSIGNED TO **ROBOTMAN!** WHEN YOU RETURN TO THE FACTORY, MAKE SURE YOU REPLACE THE PLATES YOU MANUFACTURE FOR HIM WITH THESE **SPECIAL** ONES I CONSTRUCTED!

SURE---IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!



HOW CAN A PAIR OF METAL PLATES POSSIBLY THWART **ROBOTMAN?** SOME NIGHTS LATER, AS HE CRUISES THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF TROUBLE...

IT'S ABOUT TIME THOSE PLATES CAME THROUGH! THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF ROBBERIES LATELY, WHEN I'VE BEEN KEPT OFF THE STREETS FOR LACK OF A LICENSE! I'M GLAD THE CITY INTENDS TO CHANGE THAT LAW IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS!



JUST THEN...

OH, OH... A POLICE RADIO SIGNAL, PICKED UP BY MY BUILT-IN ANTENNA! CROOKS ROBBING THE WAREHOUSE ON 4th AND ELM STREETS, EH? I'M ON MY WAY!



BUT ONLY A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE GONE...

EVEN THOUGH THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO FINISH THE JOB! IT'S AS IF... AS IF THEY KNEW I WAS COMING! YET... HOW COULD THEY?



AND THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AS **ROBOTMAN** WORKS IN HIS SECRET LABORATORY...

ANOTHER ROBBERY! THIS TIME, SOMEONE'S GOING AFTER THE NEW SHIPMENT OF DIAMONDS THAT ARRIVED AT **RIFFANY JEWELERS** TODAY!



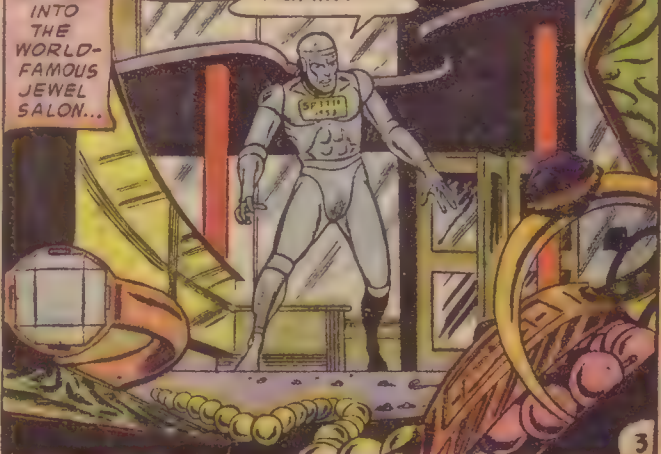
INSTANTLY, THE METAL MARVEL TAKES OFF...

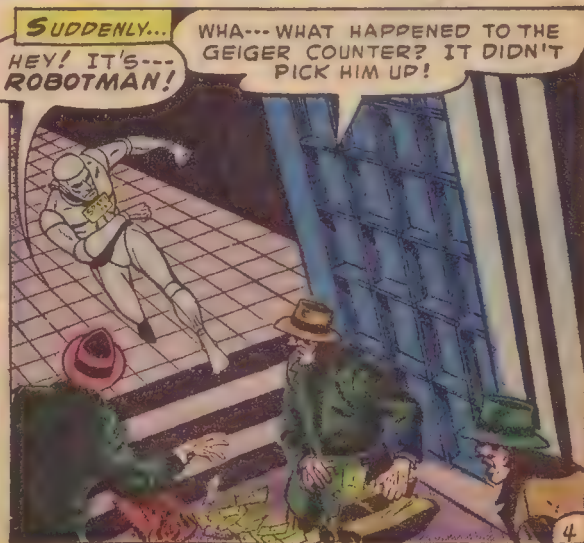
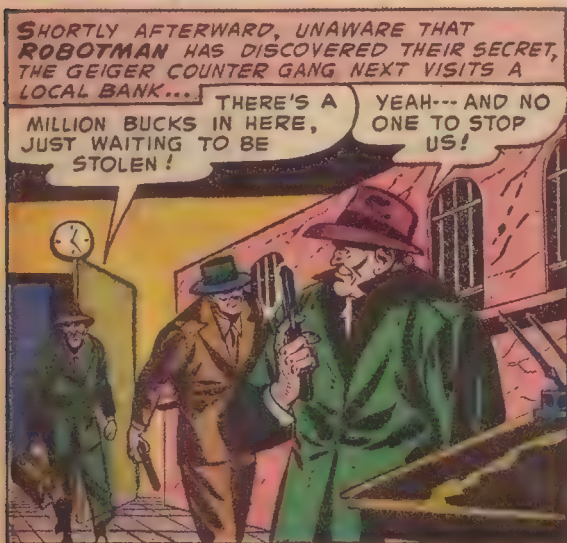
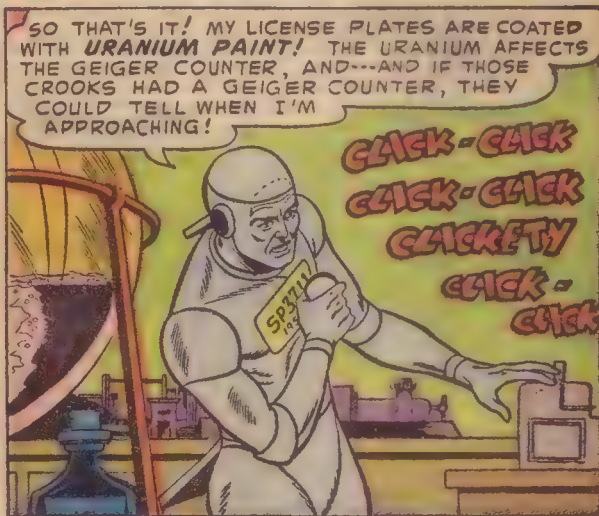
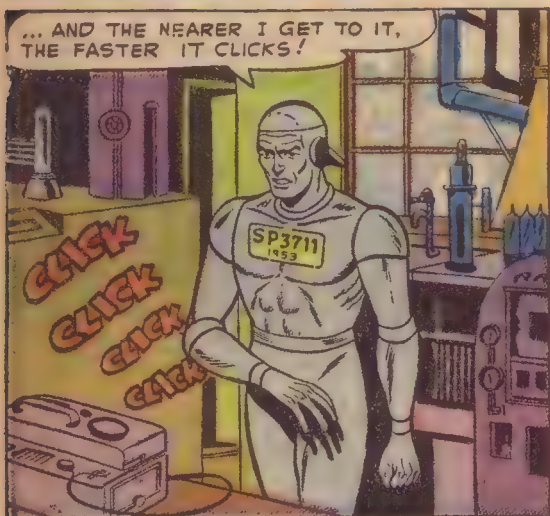
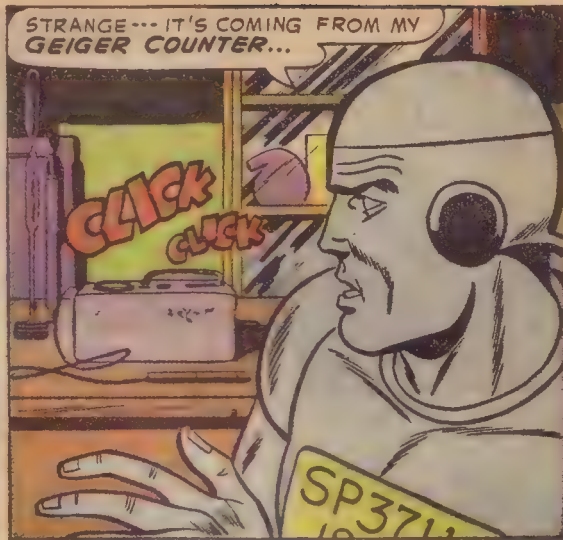
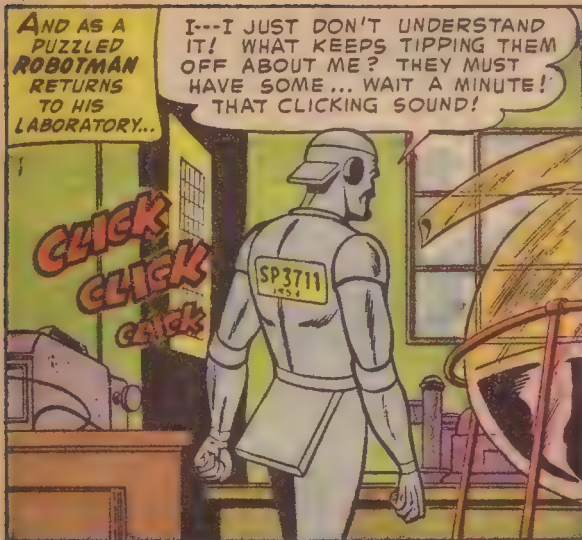
RIFFANY'S IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER FROM MY LABORATORY! THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW THAT I'M ON MY WAY TO STOP THEM!

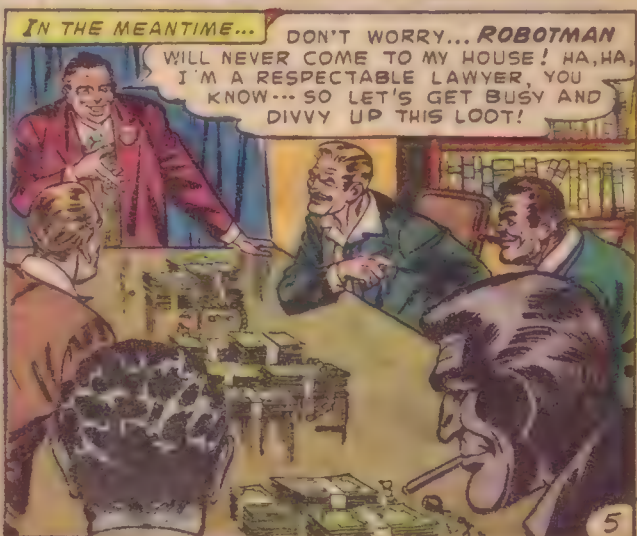
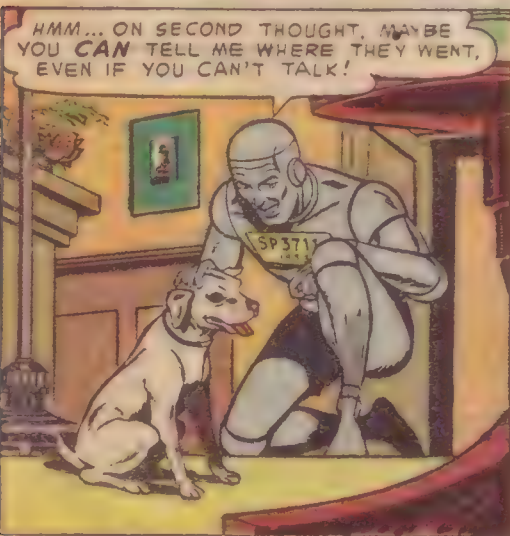
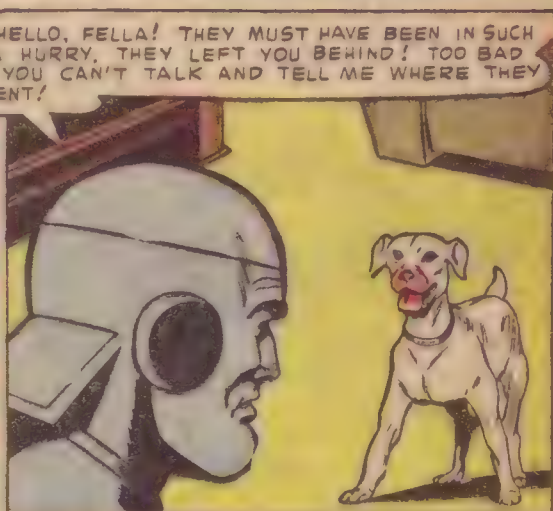
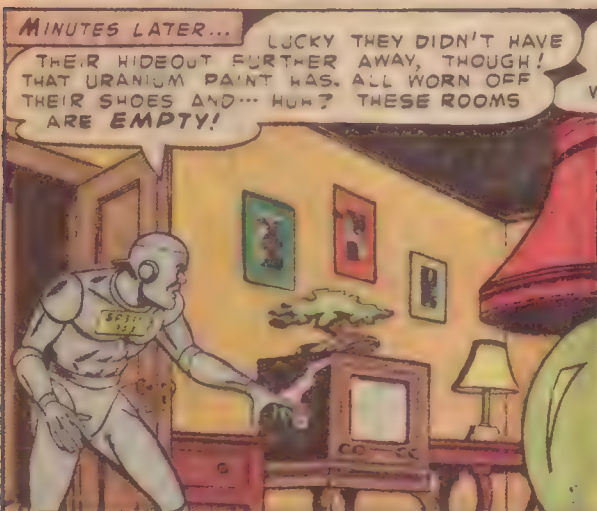
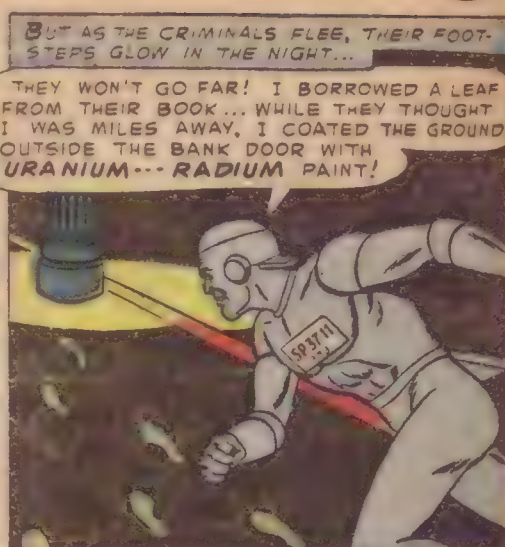


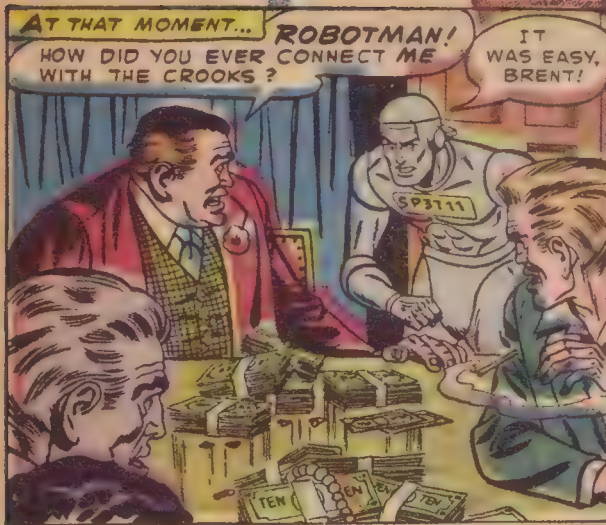
BUT AS HE HURTLES INTO THE WORLD-FAMOUS JEWEL SALON...

BUT--- BUT THEY **DID** KNOW, SOMEHOW! THEY'RE GONE AGAIN!









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Cream-Oil. Made with the
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"You better get Wildroot
Cream-Oil, Charlie!"

DEPUTY SHERIFF—JUNIOR

The Lure of a Deputy's Badge is Making a New
Boyhood Hero of the Law



NOT so long ago, a freshly-scrubbed boy entered the bare office of the grizzled old sheriff of a western town.

The boy, his step firm, his eyes clear, strode up to the sheriff's desk, and announced:

"Sheriff, I'm 12 years old today!"

The sheriff restrained a smile. He nodded, bent over, and opened a bottom drawer of his desk. He knew what the boy wanted and had it ready and waiting—a bright shiny badge on which were inscribed the words, "Junior Deputy Sheriff's League."

And later, as the sheriff stood at the window and watched his new Junior Deputy solemnly cross the street, obviously filled with a new sense of importance and pride, he mused:

"Well, there's one lad who'll never be mixed up in any pranks or mischief, which will shame his family or his community."

The sheriff knew what he was talking about, because law enforcement agencies from coast to coast are sending out glowing reports of the work being done by the Junior Deputies.

The League was not formed to cater to the young boy's love for a game of "cops-and-robbers." It was created primarily to instill in young boys a love for law and order, and to

teach them the real fun they can have in activities that are wholesome, not mischievous.

The National Sheriffs' Association, which sponsors the Junior Deputy Leagues, believes that when young boys are not given the correct outlook regarding other people's property, they may grow up to be criminals.

On the other hand, when so-called "bad boys" are taken in hand at an early age, and given the opportunity to join other boys of their own age in group sports and other activities, chances are, they will eventually become respected members of their community.

In support of this, Charles J. Hahn, executive secretary of the National Sheriffs' Association, reported a recent survey of 6,000 "bad boys" who were paroled into the custody of the League. All of them are now members in good standing of the League, and are "proud junior arms of the law."

The Junior Deputy Leagues have proved their value over and over. Sheriff Erwin H. Kubath, of St. Joseph, Mich., is particularly proud of the following story.

One day two 11-year-old boys entered his office, and asked him if they could become Junior Deputies. Sheriff Kubath nodded vig-

orously, and proceeded to acquaint them with the duties of a Junior Deputy.

A Junior Deputy is always on the alert to help others. He never takes anything that doesn't belong to him, and is quick to report when anyone else does. He believes in fair play for all, regardless of race and creed. He will respect the law at all times, and do his utmost to uphold it.

The young boys were then sworn in as Deputies and, their new badges conspicuously pinned to their shirts, walked out as proud as peacocks.

Soon, they were back. Their eyes sparkled with excitement, and they could hardly catch their breath. They knew, they shouted, where the sheriff could pick up a fugitive from justice.

Sheriff Kubath must have looked upon his two new deputies as a pair of eager beavers who were pushing a bit too hard on their first day. But if he did, he gave no indication of it. Instead, he solemnly asked for details.

Well, it seemed that the first thing the rookies did upon leaving the sheriff's office after being sworn in, was to drop in at the post office and look over the "Wanted" list on the bulletin board. Suddenly, one of them had pointed to a poster, and cried, "I know that man!"

He had pointed to the picture of a dangerous fugitive wanted for jail-breaking, car theft, and armed robbery.

"I saw him," he continued, "at a farm over in Benton Harbor! He was picking fruit when I was up that way last week."

The Sheriff listened, stood up and attached his holster. "You two stay here, and I'll investigate," he said. The Deputies, their eyes shining, obeyed.

Sheriff Kubath returned about an hour later. This time his eyes were shining, with pride. The identification had proved correct, and the criminal was behind bars.

The National Sheriffs' Association is able to point to countless numbers of similar incidents as the one described above, but is quick to point out that the real value of the League is to be found in an altogether different direction.

Crime-detecting, so long as it does not endanger the life of a young boy, and is limited to summoning a sheriff or policeman, has its place in the career of a Junior Deputy—but there are many other equally valuable ways in which he can serve.

In Arkansas, the junior deputies built five playgrounds, equipped with swings and slides, and a large camp on their land. Street fighting, window breaking, expensive pranks, have all but disappeared in Little Rock, where 5,000 boys have joined the League.

In Logan County, the Junior Deputies have become such useful adjuncts to the police department in so many ways that the county government authorized a \$1,000,000 bond issue for recreational facilities.

The money enabled the League to build a 40-acre playground, including a football field, baseball diamond, basketball and tennis courts, and a swimming pool.

Since the National Sheriffs' Association took over the sponsorship of the Junior Deputies, a million boys, and some girls, have been sworn into the League. According to one spokesman, "the lure of a deputy's badge is making a new boyhood hero of the law."

—By Jack Miller



WOW!

NOTHING BEATS THIS BIKE FOR SPEED-OR LOOKS!

Full mattress-type
saddle

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saddles

Front-and-rear
handbrakes

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and tail light

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Fenders finished
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BIG SCHWINN FAVORITE
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POW-WOW SMITH



WELL, IT HAD TO COME! TELEVISION
INVADES RED DEER VALLEY...
AND BRINGS TO MILLIONS OF
HOMES ONE OF THE MOST
COLORFUL SHOWS EVER PRODUCED!
REAL INDIANS PARADE BEFORE
THE CAMERAS, BRINGING TO
LIFE ANCIENT PAGEANTRY...
BUT ALSO, UNEXPECTED REAL,
UNREHEARSED CRIME APPEARS
ON THE SCREENS, WITH
POW-WOW SMITH,
GREATEST OF THE DEPUTY
SHERIFFS, IN HOT PURSUIT,
WHILE A NATION GETS ITS
FIRST LOOK AT...

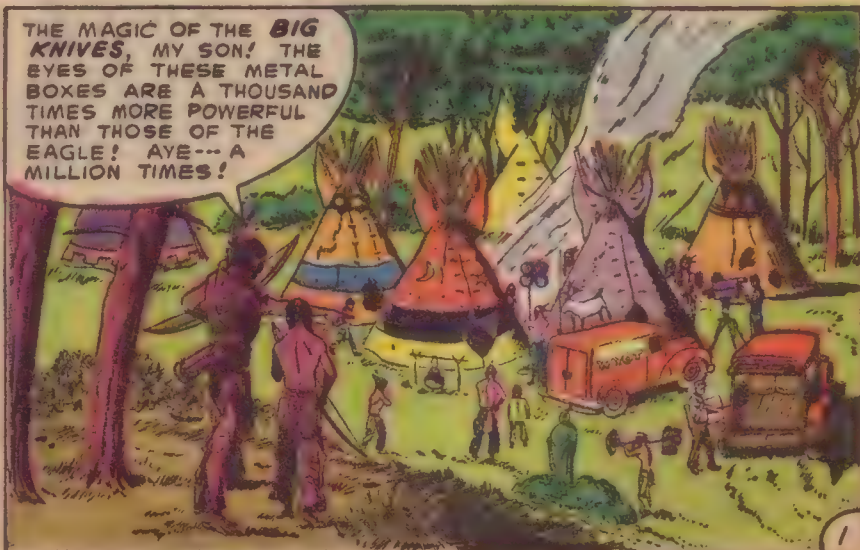
**"POW-WOW SMITH
TELEVISION STAR!"**

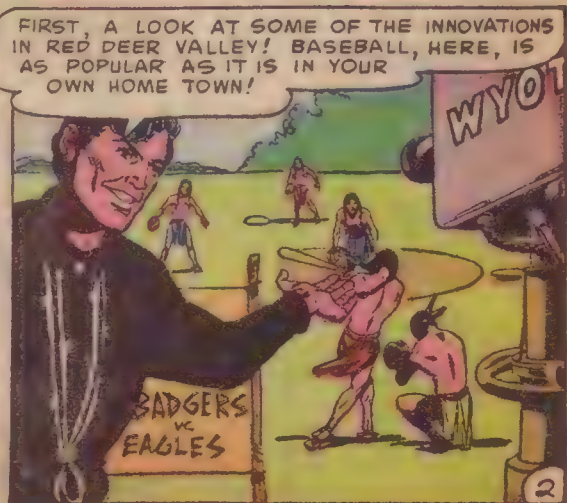
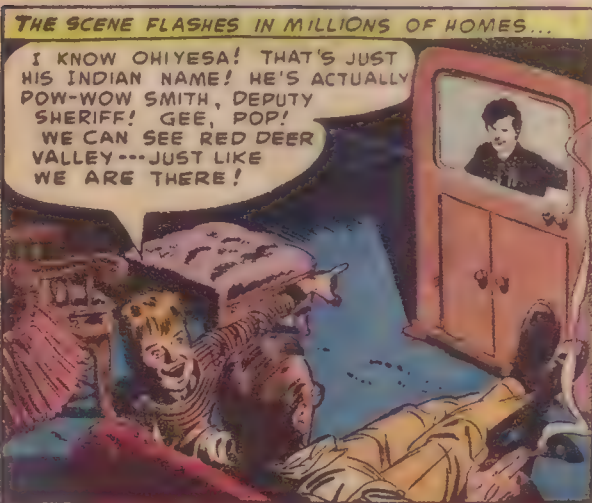
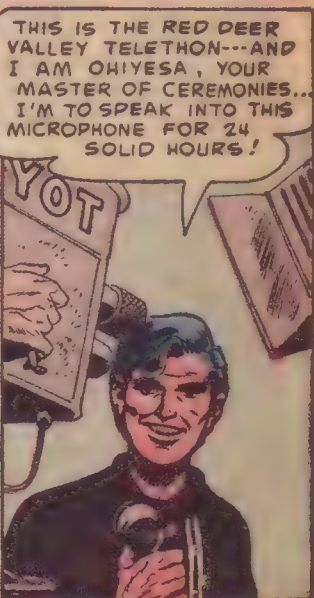
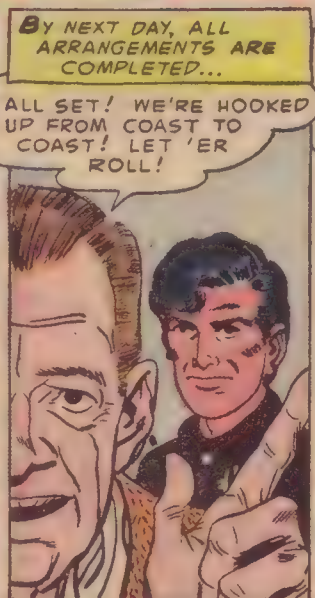
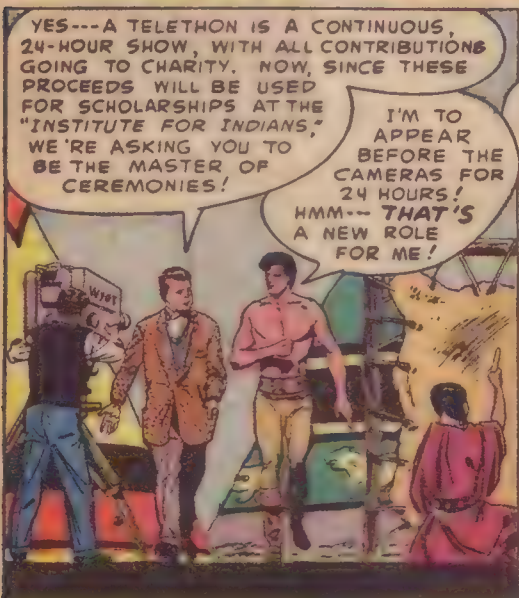
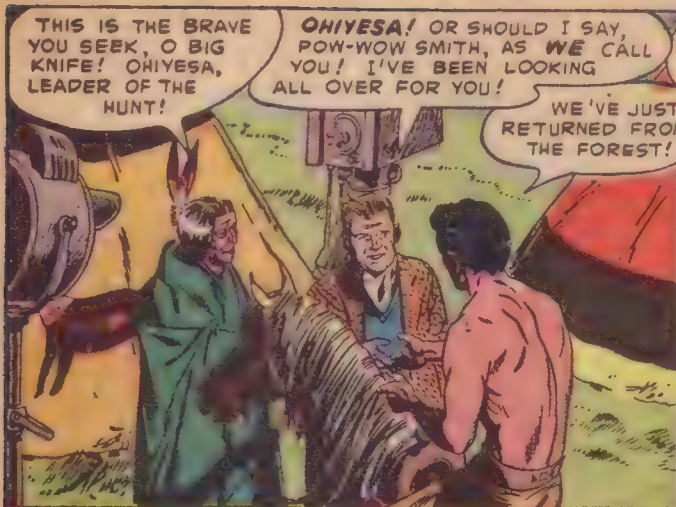


RED DEER VALLEY,
HOME OF A
SIOUX INDIAN
TRIBE,
SEES MORE
OF THE MARCH
OF MODERN
CIVILIZATION AS
A VILLAGE,
WITH MANY
WIGWAMS IS
CONVERTED INTO
A LARGE
TELEVISION
STUDIO!



THE MAGIC OF THE BIG
KNIVES, MY SON! THE
EYES OF THESE METAL
BOXES ARE A THOUSAND
TIMES MORE POWERFUL
THAN THOSE OF THE
EAGLE! AYE-- A
MILLION TIMES!





IN THE LODGES, MODERN CLASSES ARE CONDUCTED, AND STUDENTS STUDY THE SCIENCES, MATHEMATICS, ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND LANGUAGES..."



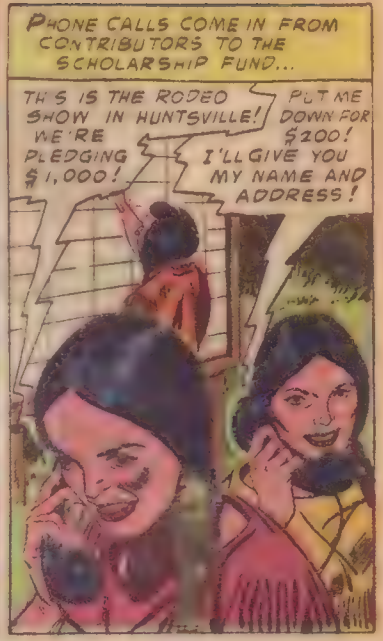
"FEW OF YOU HAVE SEEN OUR NEW METHOD OF SAVING CROPS IN RED DEER VALLEY... SPRAYING THE FIELDS BY MEANS OF A.P. ANES!"



PHONE CALLS COME IN FROM CONTRIBUTORS TO THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND...

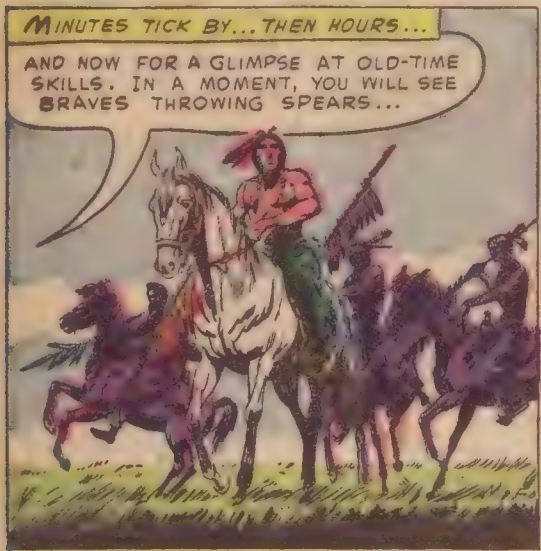
THIS IS THE RODEO SHOW IN HUNTSVILLE! WE'RE PLEDGING \$1,000!

PUT ME DOWN FOR \$200! I'LL GIVE YOU MY NAME AND ADDRESS!

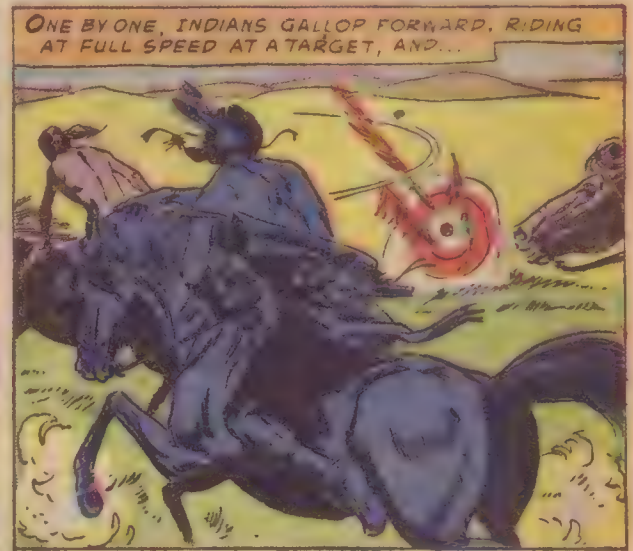


MINUTES TICK BY... THEN HOURS...

AND NOW FOR A GLIMPSE AT OLD-TIME SKILLS. IN A MOMENT, YOU WILL SEE BRAVES THROWING SPEARS...



ONE BY ONE, INDIANS GALLOP FORWARD, RIDING AT FULL SPEED AT A TARGET, AND...



NEXT--THE COLORFUL "DANCE OF THE SUN..."



AND AGAIN THE SPECTACLE IS BEAMED INTO HOMES ACROSS THE COUNTRY..."

IMAGINE! HERE WE SIT---A THOUSAND MILES AWAY---AND WE LOOK RIGHT INTO AN INDIAN CAMP!



FOUR HOURS PASS, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN---AND THE SHOW CONTINUES..."

NOW-- MARKSMANSHIP WITH THE BOW! THE RIDERS MUST TAKE BOTH HANDS FROM THE REINS AND FIRE AN ARROW INTO THE TARGET, WHILE AT A FULL GALLOP!

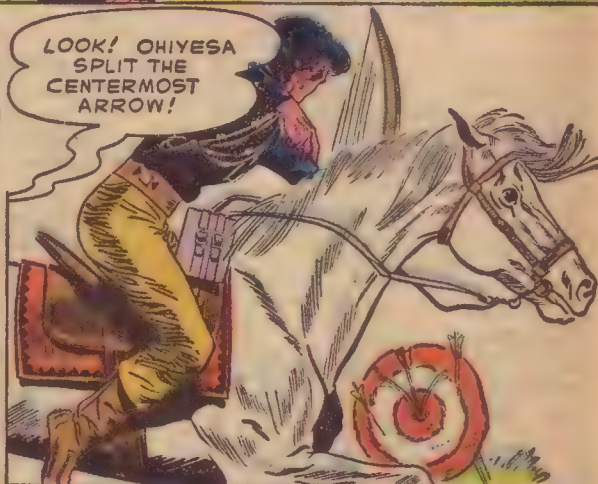


ANNOUNCING BY REMOTE CONTROL, OHIYESA HIMSELF JOINS THE MARKSMANSHIP CONTEST...

I'VE BEEN ASKED TO TAKE MY TURN---AND YET NOT LEAVE THE MICROPHONE! HERE GOES!



LOOK! OHIYESA SPLIT THE CENTERMOST ARROW!



IN THE MEANTIME, THREE MEN PLOT...

YOU THINKIN' THE SAME THINGS I AM, BOYS?

IF YOU MEAN THAT POW-WOW SMITH IS TIED UP, YES!



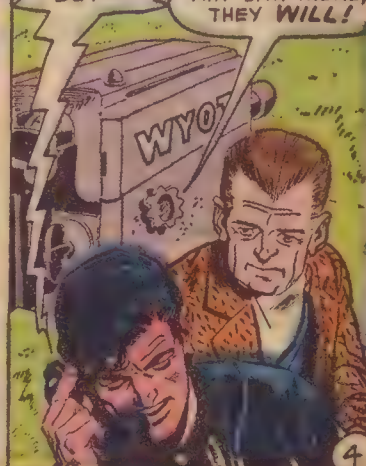
WE'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO HIT THAT HUNTSVILLE BANK FOR A LONG TIME! WITH POW-WOW SMITH STUCK TO TELEVISION. THIS IS OUR CHANCE! C'MON! THERE'LL BE NOBODY AROUND TO STOP US!



AND LATER, IN RED DEER VALLEY...

THOUGHT WE'D LET YOU KNOW, POW-WOW--- THAT THE BIFF NOLAN GANG JUST RODE INTO TOWN! THEY AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' YET--- BUT---

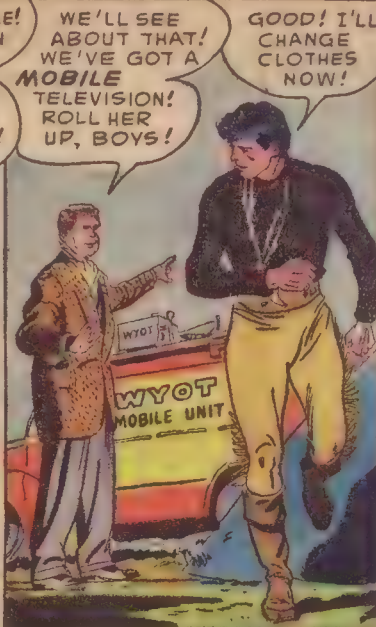
BUT WITHOUT ANY LAW THERE, THEY WILL!





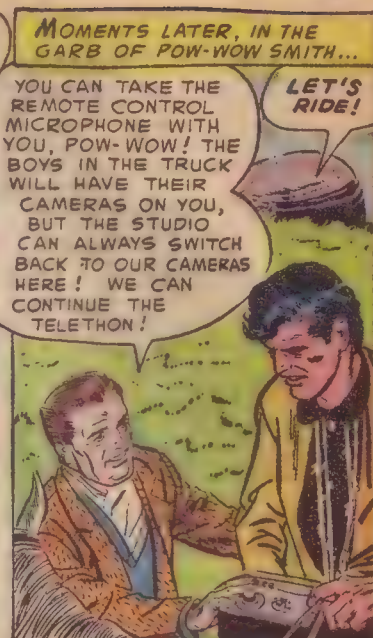
WHAT'S THE MATTER, POW-WOW?

TROUBLE IN HUNTSVILLE! THE NOLAN GANG IS IN TOWN! I OUGHT TO GET OVER THERE --- BUT I'VE PROMISED TO STICK HERE FOR 24 HOURS! I CAN'T LEAVE!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! WE'VE GOT A MOBILE TELEVISION! ROLL HER UP, BOYS!

GOOD! I'LL CHANGE CLOTHES NOW!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE GARB OF POW-WOW SMITH...

YOU CAN TAKE THE REMOTE CONTROL MICROPHONE WITH YOU, POW-WOW! THE BOYS IN THE TRUCK WILL HAVE THEIR CAMERAS ON YOU, BUT THE STUDIO CAN ALWAYS SWITCH BACK TO OUR CAMERAS HERE! WE CAN CONTINUE THE TELETHON!

LET'S RIDE!

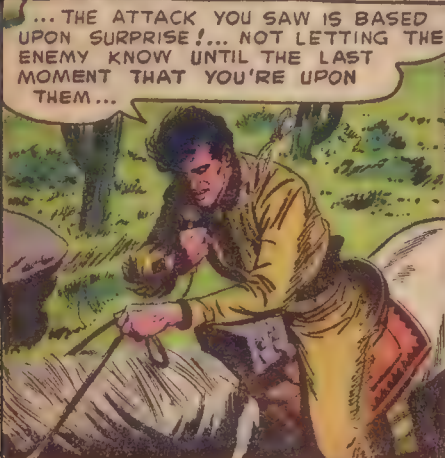
ONE MOMENT, CAMERAS BACK AT RED DEER VALLEY PICK UP THE SHOW...

IN A MOCK CHARGE, WE'LL DEMONSTRATE AN ATTACK!

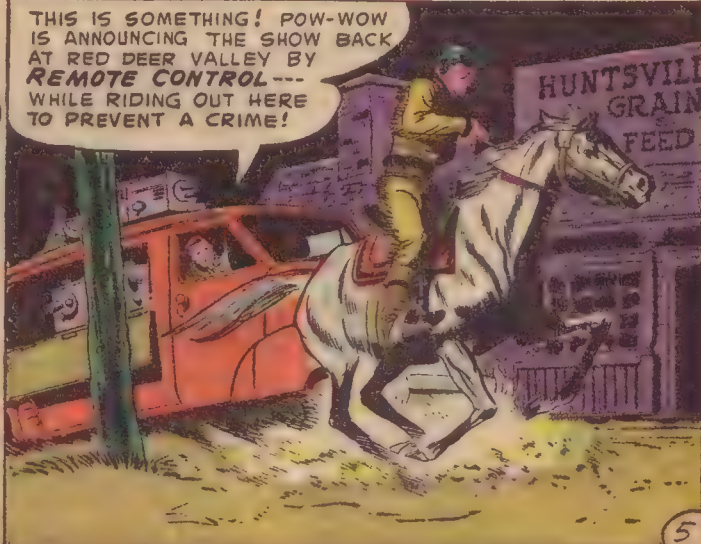


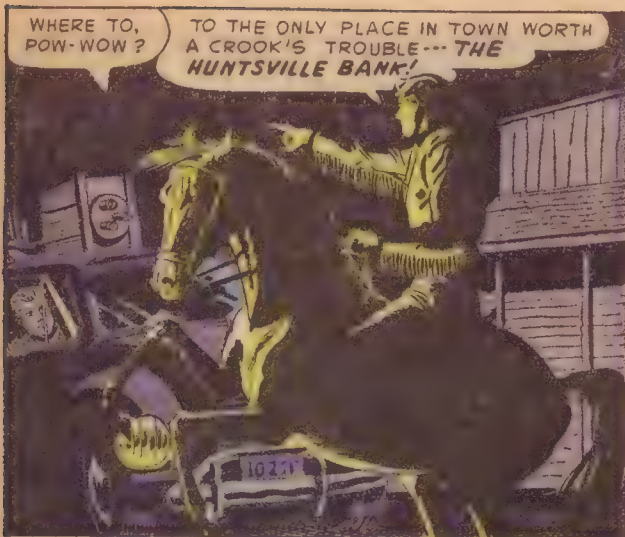
AND THE NEXT INSTANT THE CAMERAS IN THE TRUCK PICK UP A FLEET FIGURE, RACING ALONG THE ROAD TO HUNTSVILLE...

... THE ATTACK YOU SAW IS BASED UPON SURPRISE!... NOT LETTING THE ENEMY KNOW UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT THAT YOU'RE UPON THEM...



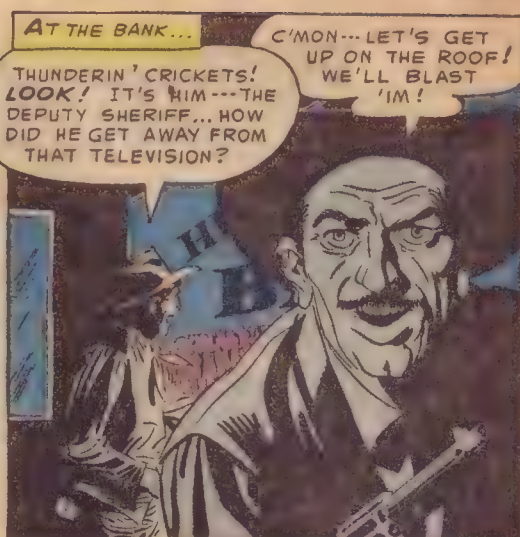
THIS IS SOMETHING! POW-WOW IS ANNOUNCING THE SHOW BACK AT RED DEER VALLEY BY REMOTE CONTROL --- WHILE RIDING OUT HERE TO PREVENT A CRIME!





WHERE TO, POW-WOW?

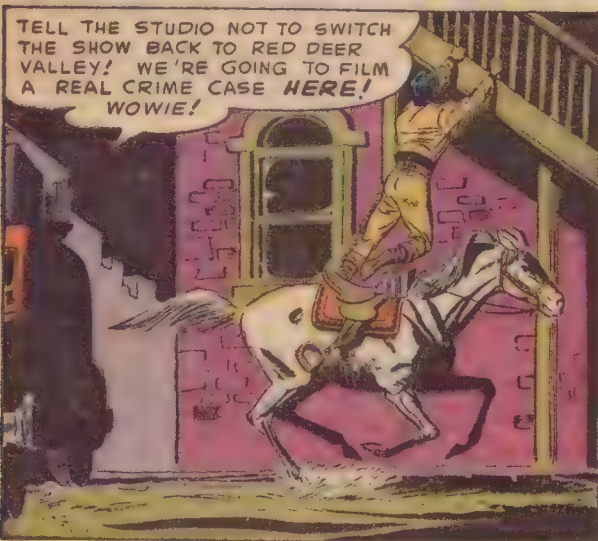
TO THE ONLY PLACE IN TOWN WORTH A CROOK'S TROUBLE... **THE HUNTSVILLE BANK!**



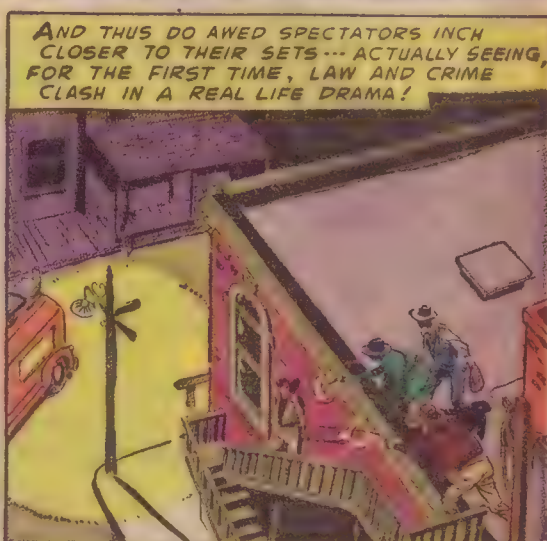
AT THE BANK...

THUNDERIN' CRICKETS! LOOK! IT'S HIM---THE DEPUTY SHERIFF... HOW DID HE GET AWAY FROM THAT TELEVISION?

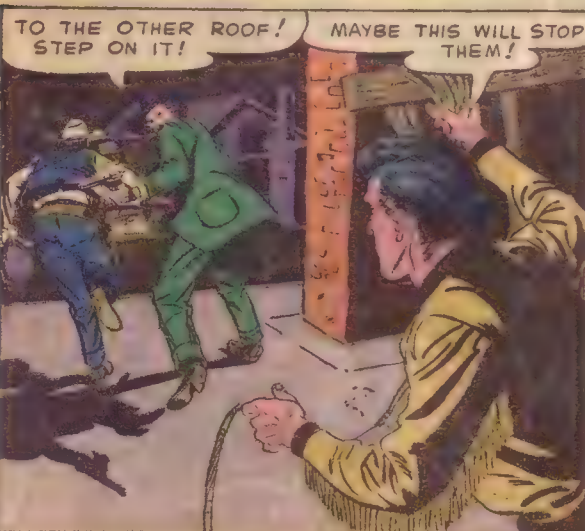
C'MON---LET'S GET UP ON THE ROOF! WE'LL BLAST 'IM!



TELL THE STUDIO NOT TO SWITCH THE SHOW BACK TO RED DEER VALLEY! WE'RE GOING TO FILM A REAL CRIME CASE HERE! WOWIE!

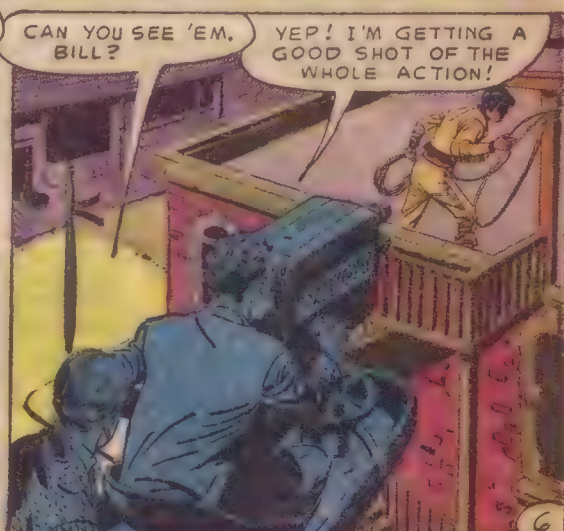


AND THUS DO AWED SPECTATORS INCH CLOSER TO THEIR SETS---ACTUALLY SEEING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, LAW AND CRIME CLASH IN A REAL LIFE DRAMA!



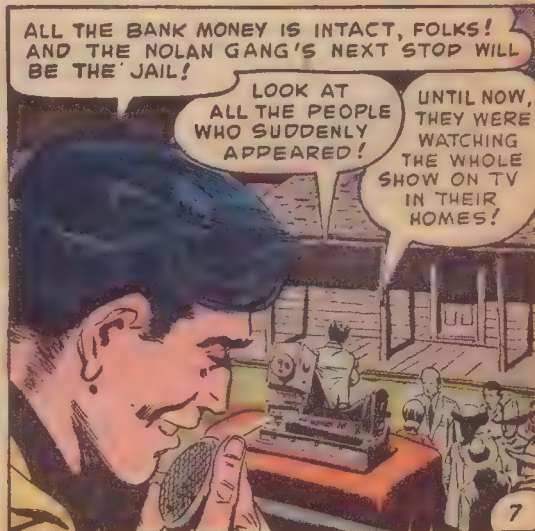
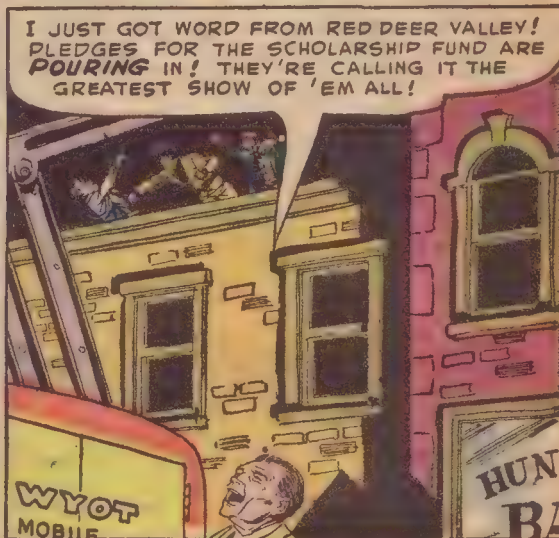
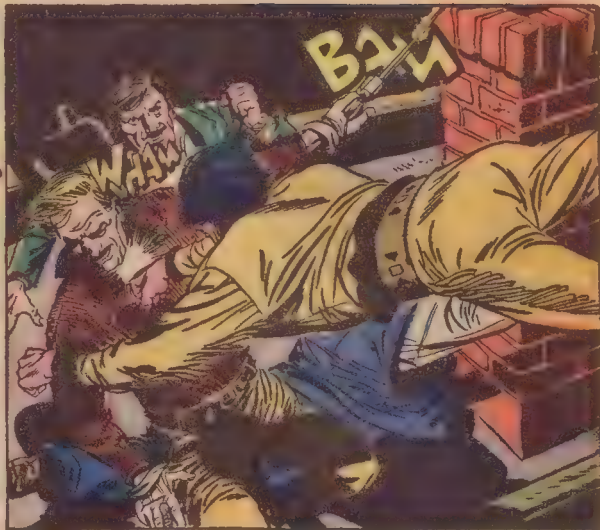
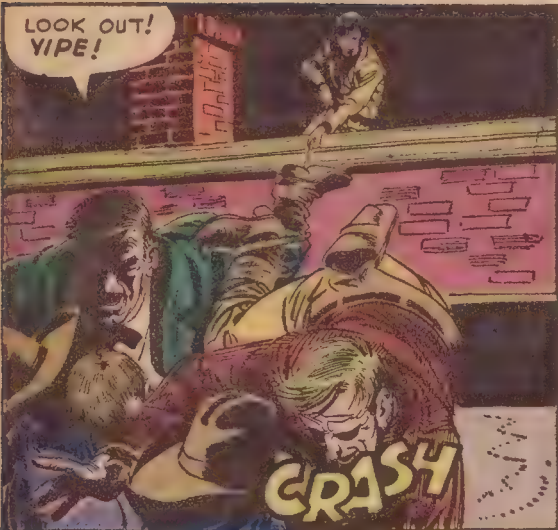
TO THE OTHER ROOF! STEP ON IT!

MAYBE THIS WILL STOP THEM!



CAN YOU SEE 'EM, BILL?

YEP! I'M GETTING A GOOD SHOT OF THE WHOLE ACTION!



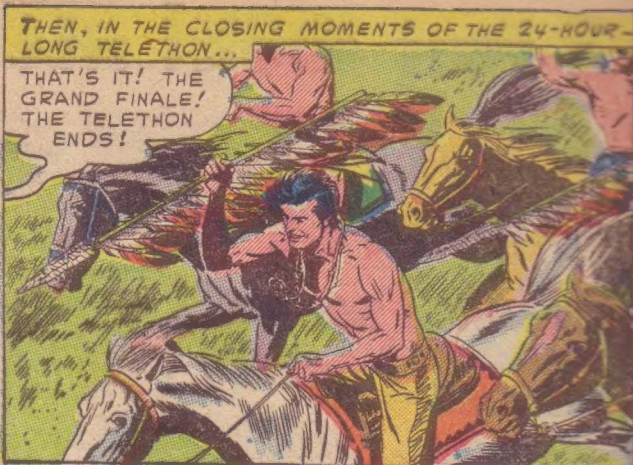
NOW, FOLKS---BACK TO RED DEER VALLEY FOR THE BIG GRAND FINALE! THE TELETHON IS NEARING ITS END!

AND HOW, POW-WOW! LET'S ROLL!



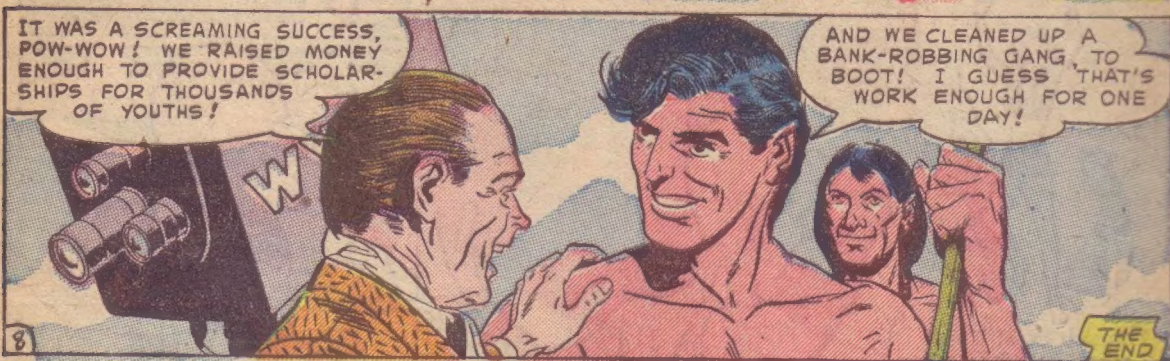
THEN, IN THE CLOSING MOMENTS OF THE 24-HOUR LONG TELETHON...

THAT'S IT! THE GRAND FINALE! THE TELETHON ENDS!



IT WAS A SCREAMING SUCCESS, POW-WOW! WE RAISED MONEY ENOUGH TO PROVIDE SCHOLARSHIPS FOR THOUSANDS OF YOUTHS!

AND WE CLEANED UP A BANK-ROBBING GANG, TO BOOT! I GUESS THAT'S WORK ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY!



THE END

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HEY KIDS!

soup up your bike with a jet-lined

NEW

STEWART-WARNER

"CADET"

Bike Speedometer



NEAT!

Jet-streamline new case.

WOW!

Skyrider blue dial with red-and-chrome pointer.

SWELL!

Shows your speed up to 30 m.p.h.

GREAT!

Counts up to 10,000 miles.

Not a toy, not a gadget... it's the real thing... like on racing cars, motorcycles, planes! Red-and-chrome sweep pointer shows how fast you go, up to 30 m.p.h. Automatic counter tells how far you go, up to 10,000 miles.

The "Cadet" is shockproof and weatherproof, has shatter-proof lens. Easily installed on almost any bike. So, be the first to get a Stewart-Warner "Cadet" Bike Speedometer! At your neighborhood bike shop, hardware or department store.

STEWART-WARNER BIKE SPEEDOMETERS

"It's Fun to Know How Fast, How Far You Go"

STEWART-WARNER, 1840 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois



3 Feet HIGH! ALL LIVE RUBBER* GIANT BEACH BALL

**GUARANTEED 100%
AGAINST
BREAKAGE**

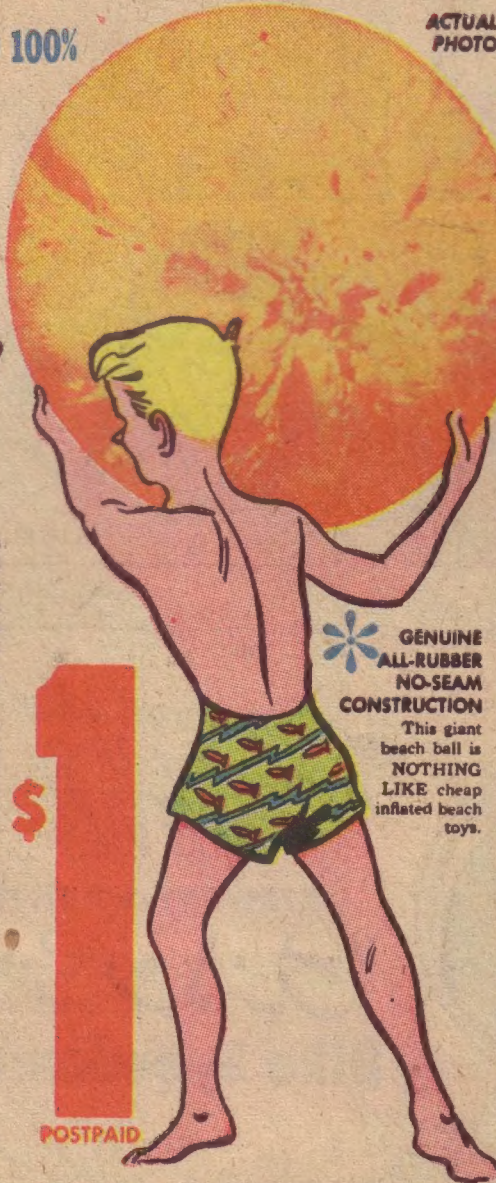


Toss it here! That's what **EVERYONE** says when they see this wonder of a beach ball! Giant multi-color beach ball is a swell companion at resort, camp or playground!

One-piece seamless construction resists hard use. Patented blow up feature means it just can't leak. Easy to inflate by mouth or pump.

Float on it! Punch it around! Kick it around! Don't worry; you can't break it! This giant beach ball is guaranteed against breakage under **ANY** conditions at **ANY** time! If it breaks **YOU** get a **NEW ONE FREE!**

We pay postage. Rush just \$1 cash, check, or money order **NOW!**

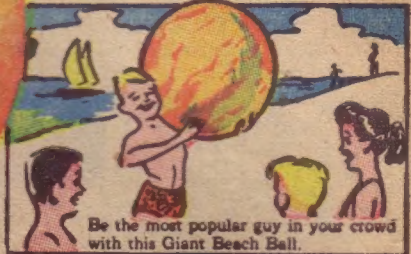


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**ACTUAL
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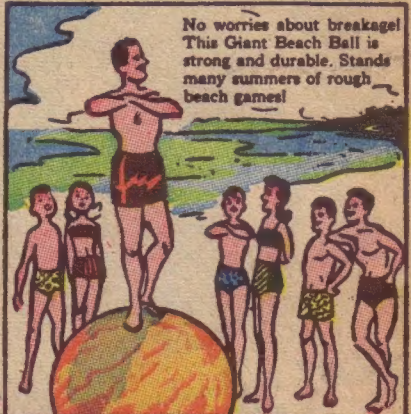
Float for hours with the Giant Beach Ball. Great for waterball, and all water sports.



Be the most popular guy in your crowd with this Giant Beach Ball.



Give your pal the Giant Beach Ball. Costs so little, so much fun!



No worries about breakage! This Giant Beach Ball is strong and durable. Stands many summers of rough beach games!



Get livelier snapshots! Click 'em at play with the Giant Beach Ball!

**GENUINE
ALL-RUBBER
NO-SEAM
CONSTRUCTION**

This giant beach ball is **NOTHING LIKE** cheap inflated beach toys.

GET YOURS FIRST RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

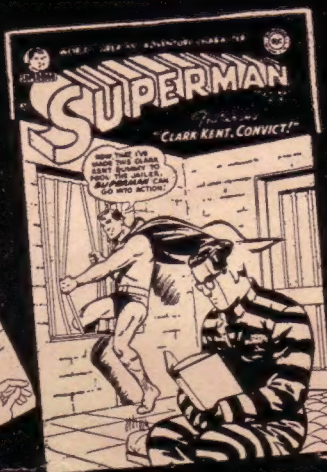
**YOUNG PRODUCTS, Dept.
2606 ELAMBERT
DETROIT 4, MICH. 1979**

OK! Here's my \$1.00 in cash, check or money order, and send me **POSTPAID** a **GIANT** all-rubber **BEACH BALL**. You replace without charge if it breaks under **ANY** condition.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



The LINE of STARS



--AND THIS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER OF
ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE
IS **YOUR** GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN COMICS READING!

Worth going out on a limb for—

Yet all you have to do to get your Milky Way is dig up a few pennies and spend 'em for one of these luscious bars. Then sink your teeth into smooth, soothing chocolate that treasures within it a sumptuous layer of creamy caramel and a heaping helping of rich, malted milk nougat.

"So much for so little," you'll say.

The name is...



M-m-milky Way...

your money can't buy more "m-m-m-m"!